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A HISTORY  
OF  
TWENTY YEARS OF  
DR. G. B. CHAMPLIN'S  
*LIFE;*

OR,  
*A REPROOF TO HEEDLESS  
YOUTH.*

TOGETHER WITH A SYSTEM OF CORRESPONDENCE,  
TENDING TO MATRIMONY.

*“He is a fool, who deems it—shame,  
Upon the wall to write his name;  
When Childhood's journey he had run,  
The days of Manhood then begun.”*

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PUBLISHED BY MOSES EATON.

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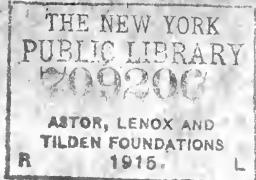
Geneva, N. Y.

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

1822.

Bind

Champlin  
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Northern District of } To WIT:  
New-York,

(L.S.) BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fifteenth day of April, in the forty sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1822, MOSES EATON, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A History of twenty years of Dr. G. B. CHAMPLIN's life; or, A Reproof to heedless Youth. Together with a System of Correspondence, tending to Matrimony."

*'He is a fool, who deems it—shame,  
Upon the wall to write his name;  
When childhood's journey he had run,  
The days of manhood then begun.'*

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to the act entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other prints."

RICH'D. R. LANSING, Clerk  
of the Northern Dist. of New-York.



## TO THE READER.

THIS work, now offered the public, has long since and repeatedly been solicited by a numerous train of the Doctor's respectable acquaintances. He, at length, submitted it to my disposal. And while the Manuscript has, in my possession, been carefully revised and corrected, similar solicitations from *men of letters*, have been no less urgent. These favourable opinions of the work, and my sacred obligations with the Doctor, have prompted me, ~~unreluctantly~~, to spare no pains nor time in preparing and sending it to press. Its literary beauties, — elegance, of matter, style, syntax and prosody; its pleasing variety, merit, eminence; — and perhaps its everlasting fate, must be decided by the supreme court of a candid and generous community.

The "First Part" of this Book was composed while the Dr. was attached to the United States' Army. Here, owing to business and confusion, it was not to be expected that he could adopt the best system of construction; and arrange it, in all respects, in a manner the most perspicuous. Consequently, I have exercised the prerogative, and mostly for the sake of the young historian, of dividing it into Chapters; and of introducing several important Notes, in an Appendix.

It next appears that some of the "Second

Part" was written before he obtained his discharge from the army. The peculiarities attending this "Correspondence," and the happy consequences that followed, were of a nature so extraordinary, that they cannot fail to render this part of the work very interesting. The warmest sympathy, the noblest feelings, and the most tender and humane sentiments of both sexes must be excited by its perusal; and both be constrained to exclaim with the poet:

"Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,  
Are married just like stoic souls,  
With osiers for their bands!"

"But marriage rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good,  
*A Paradise below!*"

It cannot be affirmed and supported, that man is infallible; nor that any human performance is the height of perfection. Hence, when a new volume makes its appearance, I have often thought that it resembles the introduction of a new scene upon the stage.—Every eye is poring; every ear is open; and it would be well for the performers if something were not misconstrued. Requisition, anticipation, gratification and passion are on the tiptoe! And whether the performers be *young* or *old*—whether they be more or less *experienced*,—and although each should per-

form his part with accuracy and ability, it is seldom they can succeed in pleasing the whole company ; and some may be sure to feel the vindictive flame of censure, while others receive the highest plaudits.

But, nevertheless, as every one hath his admirers, and as I would not detain you any longer in this place, from an examination of the work ; after wishing you much instruction, prosperity and happiness, and assuring you of my readiness to acknowledge all favours, I subscribe myself your friend, and humble servant,

THE EDITOR,

*Phelps, April 12, 1822.*

## PART FIRST.



*Copy of a Letter to Dr. G. B. Champlin.*

DEAR SIR—

When I visited you while sick in the army, on the supposed bed of dissolution, among your numerous communications, you will remember, that you handed me the Manuscript of *A History of twenty years of your life, or, a reproof to heedless youth*; which I have, according to your directions, preserved with great care. But since it hath pleased God, in the course of his divine superintendence, to restore you to health, and afterwards bless you with an amiable companion, I anxiously request you to send me a copy of the Letters that passed between you both, previous to your happy union. These, with the Manuscript, and with your approbation, I design to publish, for the instruction of the youth and my pupils.

*I am sir, with the highest esteem,*

*Your obedient servant,*

MOSES EATON.

## THE ANSWER:

KIND SIR—

IN compliance with your unexpected requisition, I feel bound by the gracious laws of friendship to bow in obedience to your will. I therefore send you the Letters, copied exactly from the original, which I now have in my house. By re-examining these hymenial writings, I find that several *rhetorical* and *logical* alterations might be made. But I forbear to make the improvement, for fear of defacing the beauty of your intention. "The formalities, delays and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage, are often as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace." - Should the 'Manuscript' and this 'Correspondence' be placed before the public eye, they will not fail, I fear, to meet with some exceptions from the *literati*; but, if the *young* student can obtain from them only one syllable of beneficial and lasting instruction, I shall be fully compensated for all my labour, and shall not regret having submitted them.

*I am sir, in high consideration,*

*Your humble servant,*

G. B. CHAMPLIN.

Mr. M. Eaton.

## CHAPTER I.

*The Doctor's Sunday Tour.*

ON one Sunday morning, June 9th., I formed a disobedient resolution, while the rest of my father's family were preparing to attend public worship, of spending the day in roving abroad through fields, vineyards, and forests, for the sole purpose of enjoying pleasure in viewing landscapes, and all those natural beauties which I had anticipated would be exhibited around me. The mournful sound of the tolling bell,—the rattling noise of carriages in the streets, and the vast multitude that had already thronged about the sacred dome, served not to diminish my desires of absconding. But with the greatest enthusiasm, and with steps that excited suspicion, I left home, and hastened over the hills and dales, till I came to a lonely and secluded place of apparent security. Here, being much fatigued, and nearly exhausted by performing this journey in a manner so speedy, I sat down upon the declivous part of a hill, from which spot, I beheld the bright rays of a clear sun just glittering over the summit of a high mountain, and his golden beams extended on the surface above me.—In a plain, at the foot of the hill, and not far

distant, I saw a beautiful grove of trees, the branches of which were loaded with the choicest birds; and while the soft zephyrs gently waved their bushy tops, these charming little songsters continued to attract and delight me with their sweet music.

At length my attention was directed into a large valley beyond the plain on the west, along the bottom of which I discovered an extensive pond. In this, there were an immense number of frogs, apparently no less busy than the birds, in diverting me with their skilful melody. Their notes, in fact, seemed to be more uniform, shrill, and clear, than any I had ever noticed. And while their wild and amphibious symphony seemed to commence on my right, by a vast number of them, others on my left instantly joined the concert, till the whole were engaged in succession, as if by classes, with astonishing and the most pleasing regularity.

Here I could not avoid recollecting the *fable of the Frogs*, which I had seen in the "*Sure Guide to the English Tongue*;" and feeling fully convinced of the judiciousness of their plea in their own behalf, and of the equity of their appeal to the humanity of the boys.

Thus, having been attracted and charmed

by those and various other sequestered objects, too numerous to particularize, and led on from step to step by the seducing hand of curiosity ; the united power of reality and imagination, entertained and instructed me during many hours, on that consecrated day. Sometimes, I thought I heard a voice saying,

“ Oh, look on nature's bright array ;

Be lost in wonder all the day !”

“ Thus, then, to man the voice of nature spake :  
Go ; from the creatures thy instructions take !  
Learn from the birds what food the thicket  
yields ;

Learn from the beast, the physic of the fields.  
Thy art of building, from the bee receive ;  
Learn from the mole to plough ; the worm to  
weave.”

By holy writ, the wise learn not to sin :

So, by the frogs, the child may learn to  
swim.

After a general investigation of the things around me, during which my mind had been almost imperceptibly captivated under the soothing banner of contemplation ; after my chain of thought had been broken, by suddenly recollecting my hasty flight from domestic scenes, to those so solitary and romantic ; and after finding myself much recovered from such improper exercise of hard running, the “ still and small voice” of reason demanded a re-



prospective description of some things, that were yet exhibited before both my visible and intellectual optics. The faint knowledge, at that period, which I possessed, of the earth and of the heavenly bodies, was owing, principally, to my limited opportunities;—I having then had but a common acquaintance with some general definitions of geographical, philosophical, and astronomical study.

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## CHAPTER II.

### *His Sunday Soliloquy.*

Astronomy and Philosophy being my favourite study, I would not here omit what I conceive to be a duty I owe all those, who have a young and scrutinizing mind of enquiry. Wishing to extirpate mystery, and to establish the solid base of *right* reason, I fell into the following train of vocal meditations :

Were not the Grecians the first who took the greatest care in cultivating the plant, that put forth the rich branch of astronomy?—Did they not explain the true cause of eclips-

ses,\* and teach the earth to be round ; which before had been viewed as a plain, and as entirely motionless ? † Did they not divide the earth into zones,‡ and the year into days ; discover the solstices,¶ and the time of the equinox ? || One by the name of Thales, who was at that time their principal astronomer, travelled into Egypt in search of knowledge ; and measured the height of the pyramids.∫ All this, if I mistake not, was done about 590 years before Christ.

Next, Pythagoras, one of Thales' scholars, made some improvement. And Demochritus was the next. Philolalus, I believe, first perceived the diurnal motion of the earth. Plato, and Exodus the scholar of Plato, contributed much to the common stock. But, is it not said, however, that greater improvements were made by Timarchus, Arristellus, and Hipparchus ? And did not the Roman Julius Cæsar contribute no small share in promoting the science of astronomy ?

At last, the illustrious Copernicus, a native of Thorn, in Prussia, born in 1473, vindicated and established the true *Solar System*.\*\* It had been taught by some of the Pythago-

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\*See Appendix—Note 1. †Do. 2. ‡Do. 3. ¶Do. 4. ||Do. 5. ∫Do. 6. \*\*Do. 7

mean philosophers, but was nearly lost when he undertook to restore it in 1530.

But it must be remembered that this *system* has still received great improvements from Galileo, Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Halley, Dr. Herschel, and other philosophers and astronomers, in almost every age.

The Sun is the most glorious luminary of the heavens, the great fountain of light and heat to the planets—an *immense globe of fire*,\* whose diameter is no less than 883,246 miles,—whose distance from us is nearly one hundred millions, and whose magnitude is more than 1,380,000 times greater than the earth.

Thus, I have exhibited every day before me, one of the greatest beauties of the vast creation! Can I view it without feeling a large degree of gratitude and thanksgiving to its great Author, and Almighty Architect of the whole universe? How unlimited are his works! “His ways past finding out!” Am I not lost in this boundless abyss! Where am I?—It even appears to me, that this Sun which causes life and animation to the world, is but a *beam* of the glory of God; and the air, which is one principal support of that life, only as the *upath*

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\*See Appendix—Note 8.

of his nostrils. Do thou, O God, sustain me while I gaze with astonishment, on thy wonderful productions!—Since it is not idle, impertinent curiosity that leads me to this examination, but a fervent desire to behold only the skirts of thy glory, so that I may magnify and adore thee, whilst thou art displaying thy power and mercy to mankind.

The Earth,\* or globe, which we inhabit, being the third planet of the solar system, is no less than ninety five millions of miles from the sun. Its diameter is 7,928; and its circumference 24,960 miles. It has, as well as all the other planets, two motions.† One on its axis, rolling over once in 24 hours from west to east, which causes the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies from east to west, and the agreeable succession of days and nights. This is denominated its *diurnal* motion,‡ by which the inhabitants on the equator are carried 1,040 miles every hour. Another in its orbit, running round the sun once every year, which causes the difference in the length of days and nights, and the pleasant change of the seasons. This is termed its *annual* motion, in which it moves at the astonishing rate of 75,222 miles every hour.

\*See Appendix—Note 9. †Do. 10. ‡Do. 11. §Do. 12.

What next has engaged my attention?—How soft the zephyrs blow!—Has not the true reason, why the wind sometimes pursues one straight direction, been a mystery to many young scholars, and often involved the minds of the aged? I consider it, in short, to be only a stream or current of air, as a river is of water; and that it is occasioned by heat, eruption of vapours, condensations, rarefactions, the pressure of clouds, or the fall of rains which disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere: for nature abhors a vacuum.—Hence, for instance, when the air becomes extremely rarified in one place, that which is more dense rushes in to fill up the vacancy, and preserve an equipoise: as is the case with water, and other fluids.

Let me only raise a pail of water suddenly out of a full cistern, and mark how speedily the surrounding water rushes in to fill up the space and preserve a level. Rarefactions of the atmosphere may happen near the earth, or much above it, which is the reason that clouds fly in contrary directions.\*

Now what shall I think of those trees supporting the birds, and of trees in general? Are they not considered to be the superior productions of the soil? They shoot up in

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\*See Appendix—Note 13.

one great stem—often rising to a considerable distance from the ground before they spread their lofty branches.

From a small acorn see the oak arise,  
Supremely tall and towering to the skies!  
Queen of the groves: her stately head she  
rears:

Her bulk increasing with her length of years.  
Now ploughs the sea, a rich commercial  
ship;

And, in her hull, destructive thunders sleep!

How those charming birds have again attracted my notice. What a fine species of fowls, that fly by the help of wings from branch to branch; and skim the air, free from all fear of falling. How harmless and active, how skilful and gay, has the all wise Creator constructed them!

Now let me see how uniformly that pond is surrounded with land. No human hand could have done it so neatly. How the frogs, as well as all living things, are skilfully formed and exactly fitted to fill their respective stations. And what a world of herbs and flowers equally important in their place, is presented to my view.—With wonder and admiration I gaze on the vast scenery all around me! I am lost in the productions of nature, and cannot help admiring the wisdom and power of nature's God!

From these objects my attention next is awakened by the noble reflection of the prevailing opinion of philosophers, that every fixed star is a sun, and the centre of a system, similar to the Solar System. Mysterious, mighty thought! O man—What is man!—The poet, I recollect, had a glimpse of it when he cries out—

“He, who thro’ vast immensity can pierce,  
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;  
Observe how system into system runs,  
What other planets circle other suns;  
What varied being peoples every star,  
May tell why heav’n has made us as we are.”

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“Atheist use thine eyes,  
And having viewed the order of the skies,  
Think if thou canst this matter blind, un-  
hurl’d,  
Without a Guide, should frame this won-  
derous world!”

If this be a fact, (and I have not the least doubt of it) how wonderfully glorious is the structure of the whole universe, in which there are many millions of planets as large or larger than ours, suspended like so many balls in vast unbounded space, rolling like the Earth round their several suns, and filled with inhabitants, animals, plants and minerals, of every kind; all of which perhaps dif-

fer from those we see, but all, at the same time, well constructed to glorify and exalt that Almighty Architect, who weigheth the mountains in his golden scales, who measur-eth the ocean in the hollow of his hand, who draweth out the heavens as a curtain, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and who walketh on the wings of the wind !



### CHAPTER III.

#### *His Return, and Interview with a Minister.*

Although my mind had been metamorphosed into a state of delirium, I suddenly perceived; at length, that the sun had descended below the horizon; and soon coming to my right senses, I saw darkness fast surrounding me. I was shocked, and felt startled at my lonely situation, I listened a moment, but all was quiet except the frogs. The birds had finished their soft music, and retired to rest. The zephyr had ceased its soft murmuring through the vale, and no gentle rustling could be perceived in the leaves of the forest.



The air was clear—the moon just rising, when I turned back and hasted homeward, with all possible diligence, carrying along with me the unpleasant thought of receiving a disagreeable lecture from my parents, in consequence of having been absent so long without their permission. Soon I slackened my pace, and resolved to profit by a former experiment. But, roused by the fear of punishment, my nimble legs again rapidly carried me forward, till I came within about six furlongs of home; when, to my greater surprise and much to my displeasure, I discovered the Rev. Mr. B——, and could not avoid passing him. He was the Minister of the Parish, and was performing his evening walk. Being a gentleman remarkably grave and sincere, I believe I feared him more than I did the God of Heaven!—When at a distance and wishing to elude his lectures, I took from my pocket a handkerchief and tied it loosely about my neck, hoping by this means not to be known. I ran swiftly along, full of timid apprehensions. But O, disappointed hope! How often art thine most alluring prospects forever blasted, whilst the unhappy wretch, to whom thou hast acted a part no better than a subtle seducer, is thrown with violence upon the brink of despair!—Just as I was passing, I was saluted by him

very civilly, and requested to stop a few moments. The principles of good breeding (respecting which I had some knowledge!) would not allow me to depart. He asked me if I remembered the text, which was discoursed from that day? After bracing up my feelings as well as I could, drawing the veil of deception over my countenance, and placing myself in an erect posture, I apparently went into a state of reconsideration for some time. At last I told him, that I could *scarcely* recollect it. He at this reply appeared rather sorrowful, while he next asked me, if I had ever experienced religion? Now, once more, I was compelled by the power of truth to hint in the *negative*. He then with a deep sigh, which evinced the concern of his soul for the welfare of a heedless youth, said, as he raised his eyes towards Heaven, "O great and good Parent, protect this lively youth from the jaws of a burning hell. Stop him! O stop him!! for I fear he is fast sliding down the 'Icy Mountain.'" Then with a stern tone of gravity, which I mistook for passion, he asked me what I had been doing so long; and why I had neglected to gain an interest in Heaven? Being still tortured with dread, and disgusted with my unhappy detention, I replied as follows: "Reverend Sir, I am at present in the greatest haste; and if you will

pardon me this once, and allow me to depart, I will give you a History of twelve years of my life, before another Sunday." At this unexpected and voluntary resolution, I perceived a faint smile of satisfaction glance over his majestic countenance, while he acquiesced in the mean time with my earnest entreaty, and requested me to notice several *minute* particulars. With sincere reverence now for his Honour, I bestowed upon him a few gestures and words of *gentility*, and resumed my former gait towards home. But O, what darts of conviction sometimes penetrated my flinty soul!

Day light had wholly disappeared, and the glimmering moon-light now but half assisted my footsteps. I soon approached the house with trembling and hesitation—and entered with all the confused courage I could muster. But happy for me, the lectures that I received from my parents were very *laconic*.

The experienced reader well knows, that when one trouble has taken its exit, another stands ready to supply its place. I now reflected with much anxiety upon my engagement with the *Minister*; and viewed, with an impartial eye, my apparent inability to fulfil it. And while a deep sense of past errors, like rushing waters, sent keen conviction over

my youthful reason, I retired to bed with my little breast filled with disobedience, and almost ready to burst forth into the arbour of confession.



## CHAPTER IV.

### *His pathetic Address to the Youth.*

Dear Youth—You are in the precious and dangerous season of life ; and I know that you need instruction and warning. Will you, then, receive a few *serious counsels* from one, who has passed through your period of life—one, who has no other object in view than a desire to promote your *temporal* and *eternal* welfare. If you, for whose chief benefit this little volume is designed, should be persuaded to read it with such impressions, as will tend to invite you from the despicable paths of *vice*, into the tranquil fields of *virtue*, then the writer will be richly rewarded !

Your parents, my young friends, have had many a pang on your account ; and have, with the most *sedulous care*, raised you to your present state of existence. Their most ardent wishes are *still extended* for your wel-

fare. Then, O then, let me entreat you to be aware of the dangerous quicksands of *vice*, which abound in the youthful empire.—Let me entreat you not to spend the *Lord's Day* in roving abroad, from place to place, to the displeasure of your parents. But much rather, let me recommend to your attention, the importance of improving your *minds* in sound and useful knowledge. Light is not more essential to the natural world, than knowledge to the intellectual. Let me invite you to begin early to polish your *mental faculties*. In order for this, you must read the *Bible*, and other valuable books ; but in your selection, you must be assisted by some competent friend ; and you must treasure up in your memories what you read, by reflecting upon it in your spare hours, and even when your hands are exercised with labour, or else you will be but very little benefitted.

Again—Do not let the repeated entreaties of a *profligate rake* overpower your resolution, and entice you into the *gulf* of intemperance : for if you once get *there*, wise men will break the chains of association with you. O my young friends, I tremble for you !—Methinks I see the abandoned *libertine* holding out to you the sparkling glass, filled with that intoxicating poison—that *deleterious liquid* ! which causes so many *tears* of sorrow

to run down the widow's cheek, while her tender *offspring* sit in silence o'erwhelmed with distress! *Parents!* say, have you not seen such days of anguish? *Widows!* have you not drank out of such bitter cups of affliction? O *little orphans!* your *tears* and *cries* bespeak that from such awful causes you are now inhaling deep sighs of *misery!*

Dear *young* friends—my heart grieves for you! Poor little youthful mariners! you are embarking upon a *boisterous ocean*—the tempest roars; but you have neither *helm*, *cable*, nor *compass!* There you drive amidst conflicting elements,—*there* you dash on some *fatal rock!*

If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid those *temptations*, for which you have found yourself unequal, with just as much care, as you would shun *pestilential infections*. Break off all connexion with the loose and profligate. “If sinners entice thee to sin, *consent* thou not.”—“Look not on the wine because it is *red*, when it giveth its colour in the *cup*, for at the last it *biteth* like a serpent, and *stingeth* like an adder.”

By unhappy *excesses* in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted! How many constitutions destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers suppressed!—

How many flattering hopes of parents and friends *totally extinguished* !

Dear *young* reader—let us now go down together into yonder valley ; and upon the grassy hillock, mingle our tears of sorrow and regret for the deceased. Here lies the remains of that *dear youth*, with whom we were once so intimate ! Who, alas ! can refrain letting fall a tear of sympathy and woe, over the weakness and folly of *human nature*, when we behold that *morning* which was so splendid and bright, now o'ercast with such untimely darkness ; when we behold that good humour and sprightliness, which *once* captivated every heart ; those brilliant eyes, which *once* attracted universal notice ; those charming abilities which were calculated for filling and adorning the highest and most critical stations in society—now *all* sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality—*now* all sunk into insignificance and contempt ; and that youth, that *promising youth*, now cut off by his *vices* in the *spring* of his years, and plunged, forever *plunged*, into the *eternal scene* !

My dear *young* reader—Go thou into the harbour of silence, and meditate *seriously* upon these things, while I next write to one of God's servants.

## CHAPTER V.

*The Doctor's Letter to the Minister ; or,  
a Summary of 12 years of his life.*

*( Monday Morning.)*

Reverend Sir—Agreeable to my promise and your desire, with no small degree of pleasure, I will strive to fulfil my contract with you. It is, however, with some regret, that I find myself under the necessity of pointing out and laying before you, the *vain course* which my little mind has run ; and of pourtraying to you many simple amusements that have entertained it, for a number of years past.

I was born, at New-London, in the state of of Connecticut, 27th, Jan. 1792. At the early age of four years, I was sent to school, and began the endless journey up the hill of science.—(But O, strange insensibility ! was it not ?—And why do you wish, sir, to replace me in the whimpering paths of childhood ? But I will proceed.)—I was, at this eventful period of my life, in possession of so great a share of stupidity, that after going to school steadily for almost two years, I knew not half the English Alphabet. My parents



now became discouraged about sending me, and finally resolved to keep me at home ; thinking, as well they might, that the Goddess of Nature had been so sparing in dealing out my share of mental faculties, it would be impossible for me to accumulate any useful knowledge. In the mean time there was something said about the Instructor :—(And *Instructors* must expect to have just so much said about them, whether they *truly* merit it or not !) I was kept at home about twelve months, during which time I was busily engaged in pursuits, both unbeneficial to myself and to my parents. At length I grew weary of seeing the little boys pass daily to school, while I must be confined at home. I therefore went to my parents with a crying petition, which was soon granted ; and I was once more fitted out for school. But after my arrival at the school house, I perceived, much to my disappointment and mortification, that those boys of my age, who were formerly as backward as myself, had proceeded half way through the spelling book. The struggles of nature, together with the sonorous voice of ambition, soon burst the chains of my stupid lethargy, and I became resolutely determined not to be out done, by any boy of the school. For the accomplishment of this grand purpose, I fur-

ther resolved, like a person in great haste, first to overtake, and then to go by them.

In less than a week, I now learnt all my letters. This was not unpleasant intelligence to my parents. I found too, that my wishes and expectations, every day, were cherished and gratified, while I seemed to be amply paid for my assiduity, with the pleasing smiles of my parents and Instructor.— And thus I went on, still prompted by the power of ambition, still increasing in learning; and fondly anticipating the arrival of that day, when I should possess more knowledge than the wisest Counsellor of Greece. But on the other hand, O ye *villainous* seducers! How many of you dwell in ambush, ready to destroy the laudable pursuits of the innocent scholar!

About this time one of my class-mates enticed me to join him in playing truant. Now, in order to carry his new contrivance completely into execution, on the morning of a clear and pleasant day, between the hours of 8 and 9, we fully formed a disobedient resolution to trample on our Instructor's laws, by absenting ourselves from school.— No sooner had we completed our evil plan, than we commenced a rapid march over the fences and fields. The convictions of our consciences were frequently dispelled by the anticipation of pleasure; and we rushed on

in apparently profound security, till the voice of our Instructor, as he was returning from his usual walk, proclaimed to us the thundering sound of detection!—Both of us were instantly ordered back to school, and there wait for trial.

Thus, in one moment, our hopes were blasted; and we had much greater reason that day to expect punishment, than pleasure or amusement. Our Instructor soon entered his habitation. While the bell was ringing to notify the hour, I saw his penetrating eye of displeasure glance round in search of the two *culprits*, whom he had so lately detected. And no sooner had he seated himself, than with a harsh and stern voice, (which was enough to terrify even the unguilty scholar!) he called our names, and ordered us to appear before him. We quickly obeyed the august summons, while our trembling limbs almost refused to bear us up from the floor. My enticer, now, at this important crisis, being much more overpowered with fear than I, confessed the whole fact, respecting our confederacy and intention, which subjected us both to corporeal punishment.—I frequently view with admiration and applause, the *lasting* improvement which I made that day. I learnt in good earnest, sir, never to abscond from school again!

The fourth quarter was about to expire,

when we expected a lengthy vacation, and were not disappointed. During this gleeful intermission, I was busily engaged in roving abroad in forbidden paths, not hesitating to do mischief whenever I had an opportunity. I took much delight in making kites, and playing with them—an amusement that is truly pleasing to the majority of small boys. I built some that were capable of carrying geese, turkeys, cats, or small dogs, even above the clouds!

Soon after the expiration of this vacation, another of my class-mates invited me to accompany him to a neighbouring plum-yard, for the purpose of getting plums. In a short time I became sensible of the manner by which he designed to procure them, and therefore attempted to stamp on his mind the impropriety of doing so, without the owner's approbation. But he strenuously vindicated his point, and asserted the justness of his cause by often saying, that "the gentleman positively had *many more* than he wanted." He certainly displayed some eloquence in supporting the integrity of his motive, which you will not so much wonder at, when I tell you, that he was, in my opinion, one of *Bellzebub's students*. At length, however, with much ado, he clambered up to the fruit, standing upon the top of a high board fence, which surrounded the plum-yard, while I

was located below to receive it in my hat.—He had nearly completed his plans, when by reaching a little further than was necessary, he unluckily fell into the garden, and was unable to get out ! Being not a little pleased at his ill fortune, and hearing the old man come grumbling from the house, I ran home with the product of his labour. I must say that I could not help laughing at the “*calamity*” of my poor unfortunate class-mate !

The next day being Sunday, I went to church, where I heard, from the sacred desk, one of the most affecting discourses ever delivered. In the latter part of it, which the orator called “*Improvement*,” he addressed himself particularly to the *younger* classes of society ; and in one of his general remarks, said, “Some boys take delight in partaking of pears, apples, plums, and various kinds of fruit, without the consent of the *owner* !”—While he mentioned these words, I perceived that his eyes were fixed steadfastly on me. Surely, thought I, he must refer to my helping that class-mate steal the *plums* yesterday. O shame !—Where is thy blush ?—No human tongue can express, nor poet’s pen describe, the misery of mind I endured, while he was going through with the rest of his declamatory “*Improvement* !” I thought, indeed, that I could cry aloud for the rocks and the mountains to fall on me, and cover me ;

while my conscience kept roaring like a young lion.



## CHAPTER VI.

*The Doctor's Letter continued.*

*(Tuesday Morning.)*

REV. SIR—

With cheerfulness I hail the morn,  
With pleasure seize my pen :  
If wisdom all my words adorn,  
I'll fear no critic-men !

Soon after my appearance at church, and having my feelings so powerfully wrought upon, Dr. Dow returned from a journey to New-Haven, when I was commanded to relinquish all thoughts of play, and prepare for school. Again I entered the house of arts and sciences, when I found two boys of about my age, who had come from Saybrook, and were considerably advanced beyond me in literature. Hence, I resolved not to omit one single endeavor for overtaking them.—After a long and hard race, I came up with *one*, which gave me great encouragement, with increased ardour, to pursue the other ;

but after all, and much to my disappointment, I found that my efforts proved quite unsuccessful : for had he not suddenly left the school, I might have been able to accomplish my object. I conceived it to be not wholly unlike the boy that followed his shadow all day, and at evening, it disappeared without giving him any satisfaction.

Soon after this, my father moved to the town of Lyme, a few miles from Saybrook. I was immediately sent to a very respectable school, where I made great improvement. But being at that time a little too much inclined to find fault with *Instructors*, as most of young children are, I was taken from that institution, and sent to the village of Flanders. Here, again, I stood ready to enter a complaint against my Instructor for having exercised *partial judgment*. My sequel will give you an explanation.

I had not been long in this school, before I and one of my classmates, during intermission, had some spirited contention. He commenced a *process* against me; and I was ordered in the afternoon to appear before my new teacher, and answer in a cause of "*Assault and Battery*." After having heard all the evidence that could be produced *for* and *against* me, my beloved tutor declared judgment in *his* favor; and I was compelled to suffer, by being *well fined* and paying the

*whole cost!*—Being not a little chagrined at this sudden disappointment, I instantly formed a resolute determination not to attend a school, in which its Instructor hesitated not to exercise injustice towards one of his pupils, more than another: knowing, that all who had the care of youth were bound by the irrefragible laws of humanity, to admit truth and exercise justice, without any respect to persons, titles, or property. I, therefore, the next morning, entered a bitter complaint to my parents about the Instructor. But from them I received no pity, nor consolation; and was compelled to hasten to school to prevent more immediate *cost*.

I now resolved to initiate myself, if possible, into the esteem of my instructor, by strict attention to *order*, and close application to *business*. In these attempts I was not wholly unsuccessful.—For he soon commenced giving me written papers, that bore strong testimony of my being emulous in study, and mindful of the laws: a revolution this, that was highly gratifying to me, and no less so to my parents!

I was next sent to school at Waterford. Here I attended to geography, and a system of astronomy; and here I soon gained the affections of my tutor, while I got the ill will of many of the scholars, who became envious towards me, because I was more indus-



trious than they!—The more attention I gave to study, the more I received from my tutor; and that which was once pain to me, had now become pleasure. I clearly saw that it was not the attentive, but the *inattentive* scholar that was scourged with the *rod of correction*.—I was frequently solicited by my enemies to enter into their society, and with them to trample upon the laws and regulations of our benevolent Instructor. But I as often said unto them with emphasis:—“*Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity!*” For you wish to draw me into a *net*—you wish to entice me into a path, that leads to *dishonor and punishment!*

Many contrivances of “*ways and means*” were laid by them, to get corporeal punishment inflicted upon me; but all to no purpose. If you, will allow me to make a *comparison*, I will begin with that situation in which the pious Christian is placed, when he is surrounded with ungodly enemies. They lay every snare which they possibly can invent, to render him contemptible, both in the sight of God, and of man!—But all their flimsy plans finally become frustrated.—Their hopes and base desires vanish like a meteor! and the *good servant of God*, although he has been threatened and molested, comes forth from the *trying furnace*, without even the smell of fire upon his garment: for

the Lord God of Israel is with him, to shield and to protect him.—Just so it comparatively is with the *dutiful scholar*, who, although he may be envied by many, if he first has the good *Instructor* on his side, will be protected and defended; who, although false charges may be brought against him, will not expect to be condemned unjustly, but will triumph victoriously over all his enemies!

About this time, while I was meditating one day, in the anguish of my soul, upon the unmerited reproaches which were levelled against me; and while the briny tear of affliction was trickling down my ambitious cheek, I took up the *Bible*, (it being a book the nearest at hand) seriously hoping to obtain from it some consolation to my troubled mind, and opened to the following passage: "*Deliver me from my enemies, O my God! Defend me from those that rise up against me. Deliver me from the workers of iniquity; and save me from the bloody men!*"—This passage appeared like the dazzling sun of peace, bursting through the dark clouds of discouragement!

## CHAPTER VII.

*The Doctor's Letter concluded.*

*(Wednesday Morning.)*

REV. SIR—

My time, like wheels propell'd by constant  
pow'r,  
Rolls life away,—nor stops one single hour !

Not long afterwards, I was placed under the care of the Rev. N—— C——, who was a private Instructor, and from whom I received the first dim light of the English Grammar. He also gave me, every day, a lesson of good advice. He was a very grave and sincere gentleman, possessing a firm and strong intellect, that was neatly painted with all the illuminating colours of an *Education*. His manners were easy, unaffected and well polished. In fine, his qualifications were completely good for instructing the youth.—As the *guide-board* serves to assist the traveller from wandering in that road which leads not to his place of destination, so, by setting them such examples as would tend to conduct them to the regions of virtue and happiness, he was remarkable in teaching them the sublime art of *Contentment* !

After a while, I was again sent to school at New-London, where I continued for more

than a year: still maintaining my former resolution, not to be surpassed by any of my age. My rapid progress, here, again kindled the provoking fire of indignation within the breasts of my class-mates, until it emitted flames of resentment, mingled with the suffocating smoke of rascality! I was ever ready to recite my lesson at the moment appointed. This, my class-mates could not always do. They, consequently, received admonition.— They often said, that if I had only been absent, “such *long* and *tedious* lessons would not have been given.” They were, therefore, determined to bring some accusation against me, which might cause the infliction of corporeal punishment.

Early one morning I was sent a mile out of town after a horse; but unluckily he had escaped from the pasture, and I was unable to find him. After searching for some time without success, I espied at a distance some of my inimical class-mates, who I suspected would immediately go to school with a complaint that I was intending to play *truant*.— According to the laws of this school; when any such complaints were entered, a certain number of boys were to be instantly sent in search of the supposed offender; and to be invested with sufficient authority, not only to seize *him*, but *all others* whom they should imagine were mindless of the laws of school.

My suspicions were suddenly realized. I was soon apprehended by several of those deputed officers,—completely *bound*, and carried back to the school-house; where I was delivered up to the magisterial tribunal of my instructor. Those, my enemies, now all appeared at the bar, and endeavored by their united testimony to make it appear that I had indeed been playing truant. It was impossible for me with any living evidences present to prove the contrary; for the only witness I had, or could produce, was my *Bridle*, which I still held fast in my hand, and which to my regret was totally incapable of receiving the administration of an oath. But as it was conceived that this witness was not in the habit of *false swearing*, it was, I believe, entitled to so much respectability as to be admitted as *circumstantial* evidence!—At length I raised my impotent eyes from the floor, and, with that penetrating energy which cannot be suppressed even by the daring, calumniating libertine, plead like a young Cicero grown desperate, enunciating the injustice of my being thus persecuted.—When my harangue was finished, I was quickly *unbound*, *acquitted*, and *kindly dismissed* to my seat; while those busy advocates for punishment were peremptorily ordered away, accompanied with shame

and dishonor. While I continued at this school, I also attended an evening painting school, in which I made considerable improvement.

Thus, Rev. Sir, I have now given you a laconic history of twelve years of my life. A few errors have been omitted, which I hope and trust my recording angel will obliterate with the tear of charity.

My parents have instructed me in the fundamental principles of the Christian religion; and have compelled me nearly every Sunday to attend public worship. So strict, indeed, has been their family discipline that I was sure of receiving a severe punishment if I was only heard to speak one wicked word, or even found associating with those boys who were distinguished as scoffers at religion.

And thus, Rev. Sir, have so many of my juvenile years passed away, since I commenced journeying upon the great and honorable road, that leads to the golden summit of the highest hill of science!—When I take a retrospective view of the *past*, and then look forward in deep anticipations of the *future*, it seems as if my stupendous journey was scarcely begun. But nevertheless, feeling still determined to cease not from being emulous, I flatter myself that if I should be blest to experience the ordinary age of

man, I shall then be in possession of such a stock of information, as will allow me with the most gratifying pleasure to console and amuse myself in the bowers of peace, sitting under that precious vine of *erudition*, which I have planted in my youthful days.

Rev. Sir, that large and valuable estate of generosity, benevolence and piety, which you really seem to possess, prompts me to believe, that you will charitably overlook the numerous errors of my life *thus far*; and cordially pardon me for having allowed my little mind, in the first place, to be so often enticed into the paths of vice and immorality. With gratitude I return you my sincere thanks for the multiplied favors, by way of advice, which I have already received from you; and I hope when suitable opportunities present themselves, you will still continue to render me your good counsels.—For permit me to state to you that *now*, more than *formerly*, it is my delight to retain and strive to practice those things, which I have heard delivered from you—even *you*, whom I now consider to be a pattern for the aged—a guide for the middle aged—and a worthy and instructive friend to *youth*.

Most Rev. Sir, with the highest esteem,

veneration and pleasure, I dare venture to  
to take the honor of subscribing myself,

*Your most unworthy friend,*

*And humble servant,*

G. B. CHAMPLIN.

*Rev. J—— B——.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

## HISTORICAL AND INTERESTING EVENTS.

*The Doctor's Voyage at Sea.*

IF the kind reader will condescendingly extend that patience, which I fear I may have already intruded upon, I will cheerfully pursue the *Narration*.—

☞ “Non est parvum beneficium quod profectum est ab optima voluntate.— Utinam expenderimus tam beneficia Dei erga nos, quam solemus hominum ! Ille faxit, ut exerceamus nos in ea cogitatione et sic pius et diligentius.”\*

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How gratifying are those sensations of the heart, which are often produced by the fair opening of future prospects ! When I was about thirteen years of age, I was put an apprentice to the Printing business, at New-London. My master, who was by trade a Printer, had been noted as being a very respectable and reputable gentleman. This unexpected turn of fortune quite conveyed my youthful mind, into the elysian fields of the greatest earthly felicity ! Anticipation and ambition

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\*See Appendix—Note 14.

rose predominant over every obstacle !—I well knew however, at the same time, that if I should fail in acquiring a complete knowledge of typography, I should certainly obtain much information by reading. Early on the morning of that auspicious day, which had been appointed for me to embark upon this boisterous tide of happy but unsuccessful experiments, I was disturbed from my slumbers by the electrifying touch of *Emulation*, and accompanied by *Cheerfulness* to my new home.

On my first arrival, I had a well formed desire to gain the full confidence and esteem of my master, by strict attention to *business*, and by obeying every just *command*. But I soon learned that, in order to carry my pacific schemes into effect, it was pointedly necessary for me to cultivate the good graces of many others around me. Hence, I obeyed, for some time, several journeymen and other apprentices, as promptly as I did him ; till, at length, being the youngest, and forever engaged in performing their drudgery, I thought my task to be more arduous than I was able to bear. I, therefore, preferred by complaint to him for redress of grievances ; when he resolutely objected to my further allegiance to any except himself and the first journeyman. After this circumspect injunction, I had no reason to grieve on account of hardships. I

took good care, in the meantime, to employ all my leisure moments in reading some valuable book, so as to acquire that knowledge, which I had already been so long in search of;—recollecting by the way, too, as some author expresses himself, that “Useful knowledge has no enemies but the ignorant. It cherishes the youth; delights the aged; is an ornament in prosperity; and yields comfort in adversity.” But as those who eat most, are not always the fattest; so “those who read most, do not always have the most knowledge. They drown and sink under a multitude of ideas; and are not unlike the ancient Gauls, who, being too heavily armed, became useless in battle.”

But, alas ! It was not long ere my youthful breast became filled with that sort of discontent, which too often leads inexperienced youth from the paths of virtue and rectitude, into a labyrinth of shame, dishonor and repentance. I was the youngest apprentice, as I before intimated; and was repeatedly informed by some of the workmen, that too great a proportion of my time, when I ought to be engaged in learning my trade, was still consumed in performing other business. Hence, I at length resolutely determined, to avail myself of the first opportunity of quitting my

master ; and of rushing forward into new and uncertain scenes of active employment.

My father had spent twenty years, in the toilsome and dangerous pursuits of a seafaring life. The recollection of this, in the midst of my numerous meditations, inspired my little breast with a strong wish to follow his footsteps. Soon a favourable opportunity, for escape, seemed to present itself. The expanded sails (which I noticed with no small share of attention!) had, during the day, been running before the whistling breeze, and had blown up the burning desire of my heart, into a blaze of immediate determination. No sooner had the labours of the day become finished, and the sun sunk beneath the western horizon, than I cautiously left my room, duly resolved to embark on board some vessel.—The glimmering moon was nearly meridional, darting her pale-white beams upon the peaceful waters; while the gentle zephyr was murmuring in some unknown harbour.—Prompted by the strongest desire of meeting with success, and of a speedy departure, my feet hastily transported me from wharf to wharf, till I entered a ship owned by Capt. B——. After conversing with me several minutes, he reluctantly employed me. His reluctance, however, proceeded only from *suspicion*. His ship was to sail in about three hours. I, therefore, made as much prepara-

tion as time and circumstances would permit ; and before day-light the next morning, a fine, fresh, pleasant breeze had wafted us out of the harbour.

Dear Reader—Can you suppress the tear of pity and distress, when you behold a poor little youthful mariner just embarked upon the tide of disobedience—when you view a storm rapidly gathering to burst upon his inexperienced head!—Soothed under the cheering banner of real and fancied felicity, I became much elated for a while with the high thought of having eloped from that tyrannical power, which had been exercised over me by so many masters ; and from that no less despotic usurpation of my just rights. But, at length, I began to reflect more seriously upon my dreary situation ; and soon discovered my great imprudence. I plainly saw, that I had set out upon a voyage that would lead me to ruin ! I also saw, that my conduct would give no small occasion for offence to my kind parents ! Here I could not avoid the recollection of King Solomon's language, where he saith : "*The rod and reproof giveth instruction ; but a child left to himself, bringeth his parents to shame.*" These things, alas ! I had never before properly considered. They now gave my mind great uneasiness ! This was perceived by the Captain, who kindly asked me, why it was

that I appeared so deeply distressed? I attempted to tell him, as well as my sighing heart would permit, how unjustly and unwisely I had behaved, by going to sea without the consent of my parents, &c. He gently smiled at my short relation, while I saw benevolence and compassion depicted in his manly countenance. He even condoled with me, and strove hard to comfort me; while tears, big with woe, flowed freely from my eyes, and washed my disconsolate cheeks!

It was not long before the ship was driven, by contrary winds, into Newport. Here I obtained liberty to go on shore, and seek some comfort for a troubled heart. And after a lengthy interview with the Capt., I agreed to accompany him the next voyage, if I could obtain the consent of my parents.—When I was about to take my leave of him, he offered me money, which I unwarily refused. He strictly charged me to be a “*good boy*,” and “return to my parents and friends without delay.”

I departed full of melancholy contemplations: and while I wandered from street to street, and from place to place, like one lost in a wilderness; or, like an orphan destitute of money and friends, and faint for the want of sustenance, I saw a sufficient number of strangers, whose purses no doubt were their own—but, for a long time, not one friendly

eye was directed upon me ! My situation, truly, was quite cheerless and forlorn. But who could I blame except those, who had implicated themselves in the following ordinance : (Math. xviii. 7.) “ Wo unto the world because of *offences* ! for it must needs be that offences come, but wo to *that man* by whom the offence cometh ! ” Yes, surely ! I had torn myself from the downy protection of parents and former friends. I was but half-instructed in the necessary means of my preservation. “ The wide world was before me ! ” But this rendered my condition in no manner enviable. O, how often did I wish that I were even back at my *printing-master's* habitation, while I certainly suffered what my pen would in vain attempt here to describe !

But at length, and how gratefully welcome ! the eye of compassion was glanced upon me ; and my wants much relieved. I immediately set out, miserably provided as I was, upon my journey ; and arrived, more successfully than I had expected, to my master's house in five days. Thus, after conversing freely with him, and making many apologies for my past conduct ; it was unanimously agreed, that a part of my time should be employed in a book-store, and the rest in the printing-office.

Now, once more, I thought I could view

the refulgent, pleasing light of contentment just beginning to burst through that thick, dark cloud of adversity, which had so long and repeatedly overshadowed me. While I was engaged in this book-store, the most of my time, which I now considered of great value, was appropriated to reading. I took the utmost care to select those works, for my perusal, which were the best suited to my age and capacity. And ever, when thus busied—*ever*, when thus ascending the golden hill of science, *peace* and *satisfaction* were my constant companions.

Not one moment's time could I spend,  
Except to converse with some friend ;  
Or, look at my book with pleasing surprise,  
Until a *complaint* would come from my eyes.

My master oft was heard to say,  
As he pass'd homeward on his way,  
"You read *too-much*, you drown you head;  
It is high time you were in bed !"



## CHAPTER IX.

*Miscellaneous Compend.*

“ O, were I like some feather'd dove,  
And innocence had wings,  
I'd fly, and make a long remove,  
From all these restless things.  
Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home,  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.”

Before many happy days had intervened, my master gave up the printing business.— Hence, I became no longer his apprentice nor clerk, and returned home. My father soon sent me again to school, where I continued another year; during which time, I reviewed my former studies, went through “with the Latin,” and paid some attention to chemistry.

Being thus prepared, I next became enamoured with new projects; and, consequently, entered upon another unsuccessful enterprize. I engaged in a second apprenticeship with Mr. T—R—, who was by trade a maker of all kinds of refined, musical Instruments. But

O, "vanity and vexation of spirit!" O bewitching delusions! How often shall the sharp arrows of disappointment, cut down and forever destroy my fairest, blooming expectations? My term of service with my new master at this *musical* business, was of short duration. I soon perceived, with regret, that he was swiftly pursuing the poisonous, detestable road of intemperance, which surely leads to the painful vortex of poverty, disgrace and death. In fact, I found myself completely surrounded with the most pernicious examples—examples no less dangerous than contagious disorders! I, therefore, left him; and immediately resolved to make preparation, and enter Yale College, at New-Haven. But I had no sooner commenced the execution of this new plan, than it was, by unforeseen events, prostrated on a level with the dust. My father and friends had made a valuable purchase of land, 500 miles distant, in the western part of New-York; and were preparing to move thither without delay. Accordingly, in October of that year, we all started; and after a very fatiguing journey of thirty days, safely arrived at our destined paradise.

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Hail, hapless stranger of the wood! surrounded with a howling wilderness—with-

out having even the power of using agricultural instruments to good advantage!

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Discontentment again filled my breast; and I wandered, like a lonely exile, through the narrow paths of the forest from settlement to settlement, often calling at the cottager's door to find the invaluable treasure of peace and happiness—but all without success! At length I offered my services as an Instructor of the youth; and was employed in a common school, where I continued several months. The next year, I resolved once more to prepare myself for the University at New-Haven, whether I might ever have the good fortune to enter that benevolent Institution, or not. For this noble purpose, I placed myself under the judicious care and tuition of the Rev. Mr. P——, from whom I received a knowledge of the languages.

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I, then, proceeded from village to village, in search of one of their principal schools. I was ever blest with success, in this highly responsible and most important business.—School-keeping is an employment that was always extremely gratifying to me.\* What indeed can be more pleasing to a good Preceptor, than for him to behold every one of

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\* See Appendix—Note 15.

his pupils anxiously and industriously ascending the rich Mount of Knowledge and Virtue, from which, with heads erect, they could stand and view, in their imagination, millions of children and youth in the world, far,—very far below them in the Vale, filled with Pride and surrounded with Darkness ; and from which, too, they could see thousands more looking up to them with eager, wishful eyes, longing—but vainly longing to become inhabitants of the Mountain !\*



While I was on one of my tours, searching after scholastic employment, I wandered into Upper Canada. There, I found several vacancies, in some of which I might have engaged ; but the society was such as I knew was well calculated to encourage that discontent, which, already, had too long been my constant companion. I, therefore, rejected their offers. But, at length, after repeated enquiries to be suited without success, I met with an Indian Chief ; who earnestly solicited me to accompany him not many miles distant to his settlement. He said that he would employ me as the tutor of the children and youth of his tribe ; and that he would give me one hundred and fifty acres of good land per. year, for my services.

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\* See Appendix—Note 16.

I considered this to be a very generous offer ; and without much hesitation complied with his invitation. On our arrival, I found a great number of buildings, situated upon a beautiful plain, and mostly built of logs.—The elm bark answered as a substitute for shingle. Their Chief had been liberally educated, and could speak very good English. But contrary to his wishes, and even his express orders, his people had lain out their village and built their houses, or wigwams, in a very irregular manner. The Chief's hut was situated near the centre of this rude hamlet. The floor of his apartment consisted of the hard beaten earth, covered over with buck-skins ; and his bed was composed of the sable skins of the bear. The flesh of this animal also served him for food.

During my continuance with him, he frequently regaled me with the best of what his humble cottage afforded. He seemed to take more pains to please me, than I desired. He waited on me through the village, and showed me the scholars and their parents. I entered several of their huts, the furniture of which, I could plainly see, exhibited the ingenuity of their fingers. The Chief informed them that I was to be their Instructor ; which very much pleased them. As we went from hut to hut they joined us in pro-

cession ; till at last, when our visit was completed, it was both pleasing and novel to me, to find ourselves surrounded with the most of the inhabitants.

An obstacle soon presented itself, that I saw would prevent my proceeding as their "*Tutor*." It was ultimately necessary, in the first place, that I should well understand their dialect, respecting which I was perfectly ignorant, in order for me to teach them with success the rudiment of the English language. Being unwilling to make known this defect to their chief, (although, at the same time, he might have been perfectly aware of it) I told him that it was necessary, before I could commence his school, for me to go one hundred miles on a visit. Considerable debate immediately ensued ; but at length, and not without much reluctance, he consented to my journey.

Soon after, I took my leave of the majority of the people ; and was accompanied down to the Lake by the Chief, and by a few of his most respectable subjects. But, when I was going to give these the parting hand, the Chief had mistrusted that I was not intending to return. He, therefore, requested me to give him a button from my coat, as a token that I would *surely* be their Instructor ! After complying with this curious request, and having satisfied him that I should not

fail, if circumstances permitted, in returning again to *Canada*, I made my escape.

I had a fatiguing walk to Newark, near Fort George. From this place, I crossed the St. Lawrence River, (or *Niagara*, as it is generally called here) and landed at Fort N\*\*\*\*\*. I walked about this fortification some time; and amused myself in examining its strength and ingenuity. The Commander here treated me with great politeness,—not forgetting even to exercise towards me acts of generosity.



## CHAPTER X.

### *The Doctor's visit to Niagara Falls.*

“What's Fame?—A fancied life in others  
breath,

A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;  
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.”

After continuing two hours at the Fort, I proceeded up the river towards the south, with an intention of visiting the noted and

sublime Cataract of Niagara. I soon arrived there ; and stationed myself just opposite the awful scene, upon the American side : and was

“ Amaz'd and frightened as I stood,  
To hear the thunders of the flood.”

Tremendous thunder ! round my head did roll,  
It seemed to shake the earth from pole to pole !

I there beheld one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world—an immense quantity of water, falling with rapid violence, down a broad precipice, 150 perpendicular feet, while a rumbling noise was continually heard much resembling distant, heavy thunder.—O, how were my sensitive powers wrought up ! My bewildered imagination, even painted at no great distance the heavenly orbs themselves apparently shrinking back, appalled at the sight—then bowing submissively at the stupendous waterfall, and precipitated headlong into the wide yawning gulf beneath ! I beheld for some time, with an astonished heart, and with eyes wrapt in wonder, the powerful agitation of the water, both above and below. And after fully contemplating this picturesque and grandly united imagery, I proceeded up the perpendicular steep to the edge of the water above ; and there occupied myself with throwing in logs, and pieces of timber, for the purpose of see-



ing, with what rapidity and force, they were hurried off into the dismal abyss among the whirlpools.

Here, thought I, is a striking emblem of the inhabitants of this earth, some of whom are daily swept from the stage of action, and surrender their lives in death without any material distinction. The rich and the poor, the wise and the unwise, all, after meeting with this great and last mortal change, are reduced to one common level.

“ The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
Their memory, and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing, and unknown.”

And who knows how soon I shall be compelled to share my final fate—to undergo this great and important process? Who knows, I say, how soon I may be hurled from the stream of life, down into the river of death!

“ We should engrave the solemn thoughts of death, in the most legible characters, on the tablets of our memories. We see our neighbours fall ; we turn pale at the shock ; and feel perhaps a trembling dread. No sooner are they removed from our sight ; but, driven in the whirl of business, or lulled in the langours of pleasure, we forget the providence, and neglect its errand. The impres-

sion made on our unstable minds, is like the trace of an arrow through the penetrated air ; or the path of a keel in the furrowed wave.

“Legions, legions of disasters, such as no prudence can foresee, and no care prevent, lie in wait to accomplish our doom. A starting horse may throw his rider ; may at once dash his body against the stones, and fling his soul into the invisible world. A stack of chimnies may tumble into the street, and crush the unwary passenger under the ruins. Even a single tile, dropping from the roof, may be as fatal as the whole structure. So frail, so very attenuated is the thread of life, that it not only bursts before the storm, but breaks even at a breeze. The most common occurrences, those from which we suspect not the least harm, may prove the weapons of our destruction. A grape stone, a despicable fly, may be more mortal than Goliath, with all his formidable armour. Nay, if God gives command, our very comforts become killing. The air we breath, is our bane ; and the food we eat, the vehicle of death.—That last enemy has innumerable avenues for his approach. Yea, lies entrenched in our very bosom, and holds his fortress in the seat of our life. The crimson fluid, which distributes health, is impregnated with the seeds of death. Heat may inflame it, or toil oppress it ; and make it destroy the parts, it

was designed to cherish. Some unseen impediment may obstruct its passage, or some unknown violence may divert its course; in either of which cases, it acts the part of a poisonous draught, or a deadly stab.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!  
What slight neglects, what trivial faults  
destroy

The hardest frame! of indolence, of toil  
We die; of want, of superfluity;  
'The all surrounding heav'n, the vital air,  
Is big with death.

“ Since then we are so liable to be dispossessed of this earthly tabernacle, let us look upon ourselves only as tenants at will; and hold ourselves in perpetual readiness, to depart at a moment's warning. Without such an habitual readiness, we are like wretches, that sleep on the top of a mast, while a horrid gulph yawns, or furious wave rages, below.

“ Examining the records of mortality, I found the memorials of a promiscuous multitude. They were huddled, at least they rested together, without any regard to rank or seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermost rooms, or chief seats, in this house of mourning. None entertained fond and eager expectations of being honourably greeted, in

their darksome cells. The man of years and experience, reputed as an oracle in his generation, was content to lie down at the feet of a babe. In this house appointed for all living, the servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same story, with his master. The poor indigent lay as softly, and slept as soundly, as the most opulent possessor. All the distinction that subsisted, was a grassy hillock, bound with osiers; or a sepulchral stone, ornamented with imagery.

“Why then, said my working thoughts, O! why should we raise such a mighty stir, about superiority and precedence; when the next remove, will reduce us all to a state of equal meanness? Why should we exalt ourselves, or debase others, since we must all, one day, be upon a common level, and blended together in the same undistinguished dust? O! that this consideration might humble my own, and other's pride; and sink our imaginations as low as our habitation will shortly be!

“Among these confused relics of humanity, there are, without doubt, persons of contrary interests, and contradicting sentiments. But death, like some able day's man, has laid his hand on the contending parties; and brought all their differences to an amicable conclusion. Here, enemies, sworn

enemies, dwell together in unity.—They drop every embittered thought, and forget that they were foes. Perhaps their crumbling bones mix as they moulder ; and those who, while they lived stood aloof in irreconcilable variance ; here fall into mutual embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave.

“ O Eternity ! Eternity ! How are our boldest, our strongest thoughts, lost and overwhelmed in thee !—Who can set landmarks, to limit thy dimensions ; or find plummets to fathom thy depths ? Arithmeticians have figures, to compute all the progressions of time.—Astronomers have instruments to calculate the distances of the planets. But what numbers can state, what lines can gauge the lengths and breadths of Eternity ? ‘ It is higher than heaven ; what canst thou do ? Deeper than hell ; what canst thou know ? The measure thereof, is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.’\* ”

“ Mysterious, mighty existence ! A sum not to be lessened by the largest deductions ! An extent, not to be contracted by all possible diminutions ! None can truly say after the most prodigious waste of ages, ‘ so much of eternity is gone.’—For when millions of

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\*Job xi. 8, 9.

centuries are elapsed, it is but just commencing; and, when millions more have run their ample round, it will be no nearer ending. Yea, when ages, numerous as the bloom of spring; increased by the herbage of summer; both augmented by the leaves of autumn; and all multiplied by the drops of rain, which drown the winter—when these, and ten thousand more; more than can be represented by any similitude, or imagined by any conception; when all these are revolved and finished: Eternity, vast, boundless, amazing Eternity, will only be beginning!!”

But stop—The reader will please to pardon my digression—I fear that, under the soothing banner of contemplation, I have been straying from the line of my intention. After having been lost, some time, in a strange mixture of amazement, imagination, and reality; of gratification and admiration, at viewing the magnificence, sublimity and immensity of God’s works; I resolved to leave the place, and proceed towards home. For, indeed, I then believed it not impossible, if I should continue feasting my senses, upon a scenery thus rare, wild and mentally petrific, that my half phrenetic brain, might become so involved in deep physiology, theology and mystery, as to forever prevent the proper exercise of my rational faculties.

Dabimus operam quantum

Deus juvabit nos. \_\_\_\_\_

Omnia nostra sunt vana, sine ejus

\*Ope. \_\_\_\_\_



## CHAPTER XI.

### *Important Information to young Persons.*

“ Behold the child, by nature’s kindly law,  
Pleas’d with a rattle, tickled with a straw :  
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth de-  
light,

A little louder, but as empty quite ;  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;  
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of  
age :

Pleas’d with the bawble still, as that before ;  
’Till tired he sleeps, and life’s poor play is  
o’er ! !”

I had now relinquished the idea of appearing any longer in the character of a school-teacher ; for, indeed, my apprenticeship had,

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\*See Appendix—Note 17.

in this art, been quite lengthy and arduous. The Reader well knows, if he has ever been employed in this complicated business, what numerous difficulties a youth must necessarily be compelled to encounter, in commencing school-keeping at only fifteen years of age.

“ All nature smiles with prospects gay,  
And joys, refined, salute each day :  
But softer pleasures of the spring,  
*Trouble* as well as *raptures*, bring !  
When greater joys are wanting still,  
Then discontent the mind must fill.”

I became determined to enter upon some other employment ; and, first, applied to my friends for advice. The most of them recommended to my attention the study of *law*. But this did not comport with my inclination : for I felt apprehensive, that the God of nature had never intended I should appear, as a Speaker at the bar, in order to beat down by argument the opposition, which I should meet with from my cunning competitors ; many of whom, I was certain, would, for the sake of bribe-money, fly from the gardens of justice, for the sake of *victory*, range the wide fields of illegal lore, and there swing upon the boughs of Eloquence !—Hence, I stood for several weeks like the strange traveller ; who, when he came where several



roads intersected, through fear of taking the wrong one, took neither; but waited for a better monitor, than a few unintelligible words upon the guide-board.

Finally, I decided that I would devote three or four years, to the study of Physic and Surgery. I then sought for some of the most accomplished and most eminent Professors of medicine; and had the good fortune to find those, who were much more, than merely *recommended* as such. I now, once more, bound myself as a student, (or *apprentice* if you please,) to a master, who exercised more tenderness and compassion over me, than I, or any other person, could reasonably have expected. He not only used every means to instruct me in the principles of the healing art, but also pointed out to me the right direction, which I ought to pursue, in order to reach the highest seat in the honorable Profession.

When I commenced my reading, I again met with contentment. My library was the only companion I wanted. Month after month glided away unnoticed, until my head was literally wrought up into a bewildered state.

I was kindly treated by all my acquaintances. Were I ever so unfortunate as to be caught in bad company, I soon made the best of my way out. And in the midst of that

knowledge, which I have formed of mankind, I have discovered it to be highly expedient, that my friends be few and well chosen. I have sought to associate with those only, who were polite, decent, sensible, and virtuous. By this means, I have often been screened, no doubt, from that imprudent and vicious course of conduct, which otherwise, I might have adopted, and which would, perhaps, have involved me in everlasting ruin.

Dear young Readers,—Permit me to realize the effects, for which this little volume was intended. I sincerely hope, that it will merit your candid perusal and approbation; and that it will have a tendency to transfuse into some of your hearts, the indispensable necessity of storing your intellectual faculties, with such qualifications—with such a rich robe of internal texture and beauty, as will far exceed any corporeal habiliments, which you can possibly invent, or possibly put on, for an ornament to your persons!—Should this prove to be the happy result, I shall be amply remunerated for all my exertions—and my delighted soul will want language to express her gratification.

My young Friends.—With emotions that threaten to bring tears from my eyes,—I feel a very strong desire, for your future promotion in life, and for your everlasting welfare. Your loving parents have shed many,—very

many grievous and affectionate tears over your cradles, while you lay slumbering under the balmy power of repose. How many sleepless nights have your parents passed, with their hearts wrung in sorrow, fearing that some evil thing might befall you!—When you have been absent, how anxiously have they watched for your return! And when sickness, which is often the forerunner of death, had lain his rugged hands upon you, ready to snatch you into another world, methinks I behold your dear, fond mother, with doleful looks, which bespeak her anxiety, standing by your bedside, while the sympathising tear runs down her afflicted cheek!—Hence, you must, I think, be very sensible of the trouble and vicissitudes, which your parents have had to pass through, in order to raise you to your present stage of existence. You are now just stepping, upon the blooming spheres of activity. You are now young and diffident actors, upon the world's broad stage; and your friends expect you to perform a noble and conspicuous part. Do not disappoint them! Be aware of the artifices of aspiring and artful men! Be strictly upon your guard; for it is surrounded with millions of critics and eye witnesses, who, with eager stare, are watching for your irregularities.

The season of youth has ever been looked

upon, as the happiest part of human life.—It is to this early period of our existence, that old age looks back with wounded sensations ; and contemplates upon the ten thousand satisfactions which are now no more.—Youth is the time, for improving in useful knowledge ; for forming the mind, manners, and morals ; for gaining every worthy accomplishment, that will make us agreeable and useful to others, as well as to ourselves ; and, consequently, for establishing our fortunes.

My young Friends, I entreat you to remember, that a thousand dangers await and surround you on every side. The inexperienced youth is liable to be deceived to his ruin. His fondness for pleasure, is apt to beget a dislike to study ; and his hatred of restraint often leads to the indulgence of bad habits, which can never be eradicated. An improper tutor, a bad book, or a vicious companion, may often lay a foundation, for the greatest misfortunes in life.—If such, then, be the critical situation of youth, how necessary it is, that parents should be careful of the education of their children ; and how incumbent it is on children, to be attentive to the instructions of their parents and teachers!

Your parents, dear youth, have appeared upon the great stage of life long before you,

and some have acted well their theatrical performance ; but, alas ! how many of them have failed, through the want of a good education.—Can we view their defects any otherwise, than with sorrow, mingled with the fire of ambition ? We must sow in the *Spring*, or we cannot expect to reap in the *Autumn* ! A man possessed of an education, enjoys the company of the wisest men upon earth.—With a library of well selected books, or with one hundred volumes, for instance, he enjoys the company of one hundred wise men. One speaks at a time, until he has heard what they all have to say. And how can he help being wise, when he so frequently converses with wise men ?—Yes, my young reader, he will surely be filled with wisdom ; and you will do well to follow his example. Then, you will appear, through life, as a valuable ornament to your species,—or, in other language, like a bright constellation, in the midst of the starry firmament, shining with untarnished and undiminished lustre !

A good education will procure you garments of gold,—garments, which you can wear, with delight and honor, to the highest courts of fame. A fortune may be left us, by our relations, or friends ; but an education must be acquired, by our own application and industry, or we shall experience the want

of it forever. Property may be accumulated, at an advanced period of life ; but if an education be neglected in our childhood and youth, the loss will be sad and irreparable.

If we look about the world, and examine closely, we shall discover that mankind are classed together, more by their education, than by their birth, or their riches. It is morally impossible, that any person of a good education, and one of a poor education, should make very agreeable companions.

A man of education may be known, by the superiority of his countenance. Information is depicted in every feature ; while sensibility and dignity of deportment, exhibit paintings of an angelic nature. In fine, as a person advances, and becomes in possession of a virtuous education, his whole demeanor and visage gradually change, and assume a more majestic appearance.

## CHAPTER XII.

*The Doctor's Biographical Sketch Concluded.*

“ Know, all the good that individuals find,  
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,  
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace and Competence :

But Health consists with Temperance alone ;  
And Peace, Oh Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.”

While I was a student at Physic and Surgery, I sometimes went in pursuit of medical knowledge, by seeking the company of medical men. I was often much gratified, with hearing them explain those things, respecting which, I was quite uninformed. My attention to my studies, was regular and lengthy ; and my progress rapid. I was but a little past nineteen years of age, when I received a licence from the Medical Society, to practice in the healing Art.

Dear Reader,—How pleasant it is for one to feel conscious, of having done good to his fellow creatures !—Behold, for instance, the kind Physician, awakened from his midnight slumbers by the voice of a messenger, crying unto him, and saying, “ Arise, and go

with me, for my friend lyeth sick; and, without relief, must soon expire!"—He obeys the summons; and accompanies him, perhaps through a dark and dreary wilderness, to a place, where he finds the tortured victim apparently lying, upon the brink of the grave. He hastens to put forth his indications of cure; and possibly, before he retires, has the gratifying sensation to perceive his patient relieved, from the most excruciating pain, and on the road to health. With what sweet feelings, under such fortunate circumstances, does he return home—yes, amply paid for his visit, if with nothing more, than the agreeable emotions of his mind!—But I must again, for the last time, return; and trace the thread of my story.—

I now contemplated on going into the southern states; and, if possible, to do good, and be useful to society. But, being apprehensive that my *youth* might operate as a barrier against me, the power of discouragement palled my ambitious projects.—When about twenty years of age, I received an appointment, and joined the United States' Army; where I am in hopes of collecting such an abundance of practical knowledge, as will forever remove, hereafter, all possible suspicions respecting my ability.\*—

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\*The Reader will please to remember, that



————— I have just been to pay my last respects to a brave soldier, who received a mortal wound in battle, at ———. I am surrounded with hundreds of my fellow-beings, who are wounded and sick—labouring under the most cruel tortures; while their lamentations, groans and cries, are heard, both by night and by day! While the thundering cannon's sound, resembling that of the contending elements, was heard echoing through the groves—while the air was filled with arrows of death, and destruction appeared inevitable, how willingly and how resolutely did they march forth, into the glorious field of victory!

Dear Reader,—When I reflect upon the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given for man to enjoy; but still more for him to suffer. Tho' we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy, as to have nothing left to *wish* for; but we see thousands, who, by suicide and self immolation, shew that they have nothing left here to *hope* for. Then it appears, that we cannot be completely blest; yet we may be completely miserable. Why man should thus feel pain?—

—————  
these sheets were written by the Doctor in the Army.

Why our wretchedness should be requisite, in the formation of universal felicity? Why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts, that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves?—These are questions that can never be fully explained; and might be useless, if known.

The man of sorrow lays himself quietly down, with no possession to regret; and having but few ties, to stop his departure. He feels only nature's pang, in the final separation. And this is no way greater, than what he has often fainted under before: for, after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Kind and indulgent Reader,—I would have you remember, that Christian piety is above all necessary. Without this, you probably cannot be useful. Without this, you certainly cannot be happy! Be assured, that true religion does not require you to be unsocial and gloomy. It will not shut you up in monastic retirement. It will not debar you from one comfort, nor deny you one earthly enjoyment, that is limited by reason, or consistent with the great purposes of your being. It allows, or even requires you to be—nay, it *will* make you cheerful in the midst

of scenes, which blast the foolish levities of the ungodly—*scenes*, which wring their hearts with anguish, and turn their laughter into heaviness. It will make you cheerful in the hour of distress, and of death!—Let me again entreat you, to gain an interest, if you have not, in the kingdom of Heaven : for no efforts of refined imagination, can sooth the wants of nature,—can give elastic sweetness to the dark vapours of a dungeon,—or can stop the throbbings of a broken heart, like the consoling consciousness, of having an interest in the heavenly Kingdom.

When I behold the unutterable sufferings of my fellow beings, who lie confined under acute pangs, from wounds and bodily afflictions ; when I survey their emaciated looks, and hear their doleful groans, often,—I often think, what a glorious exchange *Heaven* would be for these poor wretches !—Yes, a place of refuge ; where they could bask in regions, unconfined as air!—Where they could dwell in the sunshine of eternal peace!--Where they could carol over endless hymns of praise and thanksgiving !—And where they would have no master to threaten, nor insult them ; but would have the form of Goodness forever in their eyes !—When I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of every glad tidings !—When I think of these

things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support!—When I think of these things! what is there in life worth having? —*When I think of these things*, what is there on earth, this *trifling earth*, that should not be spurned into nothing! Even kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages and blessings,—such *superlative* honors; but we, humble as we are, should yearn for them.\*

END OF PART FIRST.

\* See Appendix—Note 18.

## PART SECOND.



The following Letter was written, while the Doctor was on his way from Sackets' Harbour to Buffalo, during the last war.



## LETTER I.

*At J. Reed's Inn, April 28.*

Worthy Lady—Condescend to grant pardon to a well meaning stranger, who has suffered his affections to be captivated, by the enchanting power of female innocence. As I look on your choice of a *husband* to be of the greatest importance to your happiness, I hope that you will make it with the utmost circumspection. It, therefore, appears indispensably necessary, that you study well the *character* of a man, before you enter into the sacred bonds of *matrimony* : as many innocent young ladies are, very often, brought into trouble, by not giving proper adherence to such cautions.

Madam—I am, at present, in the greatest haste ; and my engagements forbid, that I should tarry long at this place. Fifteen days from this, if you will send to the Post Office, you there may find further communications. You can become acquainted with my character by inquiry.—After hoping that you will not expose my visitings to any, (your *parents* excepted) I subscribe myself your *unfeigned friend*.

GILBERT B. CHAMPLIN.

*Miss Ann M——.*

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## LETTER II.

*B-----, May 7.*

Worthy Lady—I feel a charming delicacy about fulfilling the engagement, which I partially made to you, in my first communication. But allow me, dear madam, to console myself by retaining one ray of hope, that your amiable disposition and unbounded generosity will plead my cause ; and will, at least in some manner, extricate me from censure.

At present I find myself existing in the western wilds, past twenty years of age ; surrounded with temptations and dangers of al-

most every description ; and, I often think, nearly destitute of friends, as well as property. But I am perfectly convinced, that good behaviour will procure the *former* ; while industry and economy cannot fail, to collect the *latter*. Hence, I sometimes flatter myself, that I perceive the pleasing light of consolation, bursting through those sable clouds of discouragement, which often float around the youthful head !

My young Friend—Permit me to recommend to you the undoubted propriety, of an early collection of mental accomplishments. Such valuable improvements never fail of commanding the attention of men, or persons of sense.

I feel fully convinced, madam, notwithstanding our contracted acquaintance, that your amiable temper of mind, and your natural good sense, which I think have been polished with more than a common share of education, will greatly contribute towards promoting refined earthly happiness, in that family to which you may belong. The lonely youth, who is just setting out upon the journey of life, finds himself surrounded with numerous perplexities ;—especially when he casts his eyes in several directions, for the purpose of finding an *agreeable* companion ; one, who will render *consolation* in the hour

of trouble,—one with whom he can *cheerfully* deposit the secrets of his breast, and claim for a *confidential friend* !\*

Notwithstanding I have never had the pleasure of seeing you but once,—yet that graceful form, that innocent and comely countenance, connected with an agreeable manner of speaking—I must confess, captivated my mind ; and placed you, in my opinion, far above every other person in the whole circle of my acquaintance. Your impartial judgment, and your preventive goodness, will keep you from believing, that these confessions proceed from a flattering pen, or from the mind of an unfriendly youth. Ere long I shall journey to the eastward ; when I shall cherish the fond expectation, of seeing again the object of my affections.

But, alas ! I must check the exhilarating anxiety—knowing, that there are ten thousand accidents and misfortunes, which may prevent our ever meeting again. Death, the enemy of all earthly enjoyments, may, before we are aware, snatch you from me, or me from you ! Let us prepare, then, for every event that awaits us in time ; and disappointments will appear less dreadful, when they overtake us.

I shall expect a few lines from you, in an—

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\*See Appendix—Note 19.



swer to this ; when I may—I *shall* want language to express my gratification ! But I cannot conclude without asking a thousand pardons, for every thing you may find amiss ; and, after earnestly requesting that you will not *fail* to write, and to direct your letter to B——, I subscribe myself your

*Most obedient, humble servant,*

*And unfeigned friend,*

G. B. C——.

Miss Ann M——.

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### LETTER III.

A———, May 19.

Sir—Agreeable to your promise, and contrary to my expectation, I have received your last bearing date, May 7th.

I must confess, sir, that I was much surprised on receiving this letter, from a gentleman of your appearance ; and from one, too, who is wishing for an *answer* to his ingenious propositions upon a subject, which causes me to BLUSH---and to tremble with fear while I write !—I do not recollect, sir, of ever having seen you but once. You were then at my father's house.—And, sir, I must confess, too, that I have, since that pe-

riod, greatly wondered what made me gaze at you, with such a degree of masculine impudence ! But, I am fond to believe, that you will readily overlook every imperfection of the kind, when I inform you, that I have seen only *fourteen years of my life* !— So that the want of experience, will, I trust, make you fully acquainted with the cause of my impertinence.

Permit me, sir, to make you sensible, that I am, at present, situated under the benevolent care of kind and indulgent parents ; whose displeasure I should excite, were I to concede to any proposals of that nature, without their approbation. And let me humbly entreat you, not to place your '*affections*' too strongly on *me* ; for, perhaps, the next interview may excite disgust, rather than heighten admiration !

You must consider, sir, that I am a poor, country girl----inexperienced, and rendered still more contemptible by unforeseen misfortunes and losses, which my father has had to encounter. I kindly thank you for so much good advice, as I find contained in your letters. My father anxiously requests that you will call and see him, if consistent with your business. I must stop writing ; and make haste to school. *I am, sir,*

*Your friend and well-wisher.*

*Doct. G. B. C — .* ANN MARSHALL.

## LETTER IV.

*Buffalo, June 9.*

Worthy Lady—Long have I remained in a state of anxious suspense, wishing to receive a reply from her, who occupies the highest seat in my mind. Early this morning, I came in possession of the *exhilarating sensation* ! and find my anxiety calmed—my soul transported, far beyond the limits of my former expectations.

When I consider your tender age, I am truly delighted with the delicacy and reluctance which you exhibit, against approving the addresses offered you by a stranger. It is well known that all persons are strangers, until they become acquainted ; and I have ever thought, that a regular *correspondence* is the most ready method, of obtaining an acquirement of this kind. Doubtless before this time, you have heard something concerning my *character* ; and I will acknowledge, that I have taken the liberty to make some *inquiry* about *yours* ; which certainly has had a tendency to promote my *affections* for you !—You beautifully claim the title of lowness of rank. Think not, worthy Miss, that I pay any regard to present, elevated appearances ; of the *two*, I think that *I* have the *best* claim

to inferiority !—But allowing that our present circumstances are *really* indigent ; virtuous principles, exercised by industry and economy, will procure us an elevated rank at *last*.

Having been recently discharged from the U. States' Army, I am now waiting for a Packet that will sail with the first fair wind to Cleaveland ; which is 200 miles from this place. *There* I contemplate on making a stand, for the purpose of attending to the duties of my profession.—But before I proceed, condescend, madam, to grant me pardon, while I briefly give you the particulars of an unsuccessful enterprize ; which terminated in the loss of the greater part of my emoluments, received in the army.

Prompted by *motives* which you will not urge me at present to make known, and having, besides, an arduous desire to become more particularly acquainted with certain characters, whose behaviour had excited my feelings into becoming indignation ; on the morning of the 10th ultimo, I, therefore, crossed into the Province of Upper Canada, and proceeded on horse-back—fully knowing, that the welcome power of peace had victoriously triumphed over pernicious hostilities. I entered this British territory, however, under the strongest expectations of being honourably greeted by those men, who had, a little before, appeared as my enemies in the

field of battle, and who there had contended, with unappalled audacity, in behalf of their country's cause !—I rode on in profound security ; while a thrilling breeze of discontent, blew muttering around my youthful head.—I went directly to Newark ; thence, to Burlington ; and thence, to Ancaster, &c. I visited the most of their fortifications along the lake, at which places I acknowledge, with much gratitude, my kind and benevolent treatment from the officers : whose valuable accomplishments, I thought, could not be surpassed by any of the students in our schools of gentility. I also further gratified my curiosity, by visiting Long Point and its fortifications ; and in examining the ruins of Dover Village, which had been destroyed by the Americans. I then retired to an Inn, where I made known my name to the Landlord ; who informed me, that he had been acquainted with my father, and that he had, several years since, sailed with him from Boston to Liverpool. He also informed me that, notwithstanding the two nations were now at peace with each other, the British flame of indignation had not yet become extinguished : which made me feel sensible of my exposition to danger.

On the evening of the second day, after my arrival under this hospitable roof, I extracted from my portmanteau a book, which

I hope you have read. It was written by Doct. M——; and is known by the title of “Solitude Sweetened.”—I retired with it to my apartment above; and there, in silence, sat meditating by the side of the evening lamp. But soon I was roused from my soothing trance of calm consideration, by a sudden and confused noise, made with heavy footsteps upon the stairs, rattling arms, and the bursting of my chamber door;—which instantly brought to my view, a British officer and five armed men! He advanced to me with that voice of tyranny, which almost coagulates my blood, while it passes through the veins of liberty; and pronounced me a *prisoner*! He declared that I was an “*American Spy*,” supposed to be on a “precarious expedition;” and immediately demanded my papers! I rose up; and, with a voice which I never allowed to falter through fear, addressed him according to the best of my abilities; roundly stating to him the injustice of my persecution, and utterly refusing to comply with his barbarous requisition. I solemnly declared, that rather than deliver him a *single paper*, I would subject myself to the most painful imprisonment. He, perceiving my fixed resolution, more calmly replied, that “the duties of his mission, then, compelled him to escort me under arms before one of his Majesty’s members of government,

to take the oath of allegiance, or else to be committed to prison for examination." By this time, the house had become surrounded with unprincipled refugees ; whose daring oaths and terrific threats made my Landlord tremble with fearful apprehensions, for the safety of his property. And " my papers, they must and were determined to have, at the very risk of their lives !" — But my good Landlord became responsible for me till the next day. The crazy mob, on hearing this information, appeared to disperse.

The next day it was agreed, that I should leave the Province, without further molestation. After heartily thanking my kind Landlord and generous benefactor, and after taking my farewell of him ; I mounted my horse, and rode about forty miles without halting. On coming up, in the dusk of the evening, to a tavern, and seeing no servant at the door ; I immediately dismounted, left my horse fastened to a post, and entered the house in search of the Landlord. In a few moments after, much to my astonishment, my horse was *missing* ! We made every exertion to detect the thief ; but without success. Thus, alas ! although a large reward has been offered by the humane Landlord, my horse, saddle, bridle, portmanteau, money, clothes and some valuable papers, have never yet been heard of. We supposed that the

horse must have been taken, by one of that *villainous mob* ; who had probably pursued me in disguise, with the rascally intention.— After all this, with only five guineas in my pocket, which I had luckily saved ; I left those hellish fields of disappointment, and travelled with all possible speed for the plains of liberty !

I am now, madam, soon to embark upon another enterprize. Ere long you will hear from me again. And after saying that I sincerely hope, the Almighty Power will preserve us till we shall meet together, I will venture to subscribe myself,

*Your unfeigned t---r,  
Well wisher and friend,*

G. B. C —.

*Miss Ann M —.*



## LETTER V.

*Banks of Lake Erie, June 29.*

Worthy Madam—A constant inclination and a favourable opportunity, induce me, once more, to fulfil to you my engagement. On the morning of the 15th inst. according to expectation, I embarked on board of the schooner Polina.



Behold the youthful mariner, while the welcome breeze blew gently from the east, again embarking upon the tide of unsuccessful experiments!—A tranquilizing hope for success, dissipated all fear of approaching danger. But our pleasant gale was soon converted into a most threatening tempest which suddenly immersed our vessel in the rolling billows. She contained about forty passengers. Paint to yourself, if you can, the dreadful consternation at this dismal hour.—Behold weeping, distressed mothers! Hear the screams of frightened children! While, in humble submission and almost drowned with the dashing waters, the Christian fathers are pleading for salvation!—How sorrowful indeed!—Hark! and hear chilling oaths, flowing from the lips of hardened sailor!!!

At break of day, on the morning of 16th, the tempest abated; when we discovered our vessel fast driving upon some rocks, which threatened inevitable destruction. But, fortunately, by the unanimous though weak exertions of the weary crew we effected our escape; and, in a few days safely arrived to our destined port.

I had contemplated, as I told you in my last, to make a stand at C——; but upon my arrival at that place, my expectations

were blasted. In fact, the inducements there were not sufficient, to allow me a livelihood with contentment. Hence, like an exile unhappy, I departed; walked fifty miles over Erie's lonely shore; and came to this place, (which is at present very sickly,) where I expect through the goodness of God to remain and prosper. Nearly five hundred miles is the distance, that separates us at present. My mind performs the journey often. In vain have I endeavoured to retain it, within the walls of its habitation. I have much to say—and pardon me, my young friend, if I conjure you by all that is glorious, to polish that beautiful disposition of yours, with those useful intellectual accomplishments, for which you so vehemently thirst. Notwithstanding your unfavourable situation for opportunities of this nature, I know you will not fall far behind any young ladies of your age. All those young females, who feel inclined to make a shining and elegant appearance in the world, should possess every possible advantage of improvement; while it makes no difference with one, who is otherwise inclined: for let her opportunities be ever so great, she will never make much progress in knowledge. I would recommend, for your perusal, some valuable books—but, I fear, I should not do jus-

tice to that judgement, which is not inferior unto mine.—

I find myself almost overpowered with a ruling passion, that I once thought had never existed!—You must not blame me, madam, when I confess, that I am imperceptibly drawn into the silken web of love, by the bewitching blandishments of your lovely person!—I shall wait with impatience—hoping that you will write immediately after the reception of this letter. Permit me to flatter myself, that we shall, even in our youth, so behave, as to be an ornament to our friends; *so behave*, as that the gratifying and lasting sensations arising from it, may prove a comfort to us in old age. Therefore, madam, rest certain of my *unchangeable* love; and please to assure yourself, that I will be yours, to *serve, love and honour till death!*

G. B. C—.

Miss Ann M—.

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## LETTER VI.

January 29.\*

Worthy Madam—When I consider the

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\* It is seven long months since the date of

degree of liberty which I have taken with you, fear enters my mind; and I am often led to believe, that unnecessary boldness has been the cause of my lengthly disappointment. But without *resolution*, it will sometimes be impossible to act agreeable to the dictates of *right reason* and *virtue*. And if the resolution, (which had been excited by *sensations*, that are needless to repeat) has proceeded so far, as to intrude upon the just rules of politeness; then, certainly, I am culpable, and must request pardon from her, whom I have offended!

After my arrival at this place, I made use of the first opportunity to write, and send you communications: but O, with disappointed regret mingled with sorrow, I have received no answer! Wishing, therefore, to know the cause of your neglect, and to hear of your welfare are inducements, which encourage me now to write to you again.---  
*Answer me frankly*, and make known to me the *true cause*---the relation of which will relieve me from the most painful apprehensions!

Since I last wrote to you, I have been confined to a sick bed, more than sixty days. But when I consider, how far I am daily er-

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the 5th letter: surely! what meaneth all this procrastination? The Editor.

ring from my duty ; I am led to believe, that my afflictions are justly deserved.—O, may we both see the evil of our ways, and flee from the paths of vice ! Being in the greatest haste, madam, I must subscribe myself  
*Your unfeigned friend.*

*Miss Ann M——.*

G. B. C——.



## LETTER VII.

*A——, March 14.*

Dear Sir—I received your charming letter yesterday ; and must try to make a replication to it this evening.—My mind is impressed with so many different emotions, that I am scarcely qualified for expressing to you, what I would wish.—But nevertheless, I most gladly congratulate you, in the first place, upon the return of your health ; and sincerely hope, that your past “ afflictions ” will be spiritually sanctified unto you for your good.

The “ cause of my neglect,” sir, in not answering your letter, dated June 29th, I will “ *frankly* ” make known to you, according to your request :—and I think you can have no reason to *blame me*, as we are both personal strangers to each other,—Some

time last Fall, Doct. A. B. was at this place ; and informed me, that he was well acquainted with *you* and your *character* ; and advised me, by all means, to discontinue any further correspondence with you :—" as you were a person of bad reputation and corrupt morals !" And, furthermore, he said, " that you were making your addreses to a young lady, at B—— ; and that your views towards me were dishonourable ! " \*—" This, sir, he told me :—and some others feeling dissatisfied with you, on account of such a report ; I deemed it prudent to let the matter drop, and think of you no more.—Notwithstanding I had written an answer to your last, before the arrival of Doct. B. I found it expedient to commit it to the flames ! And not having heard from you in so long a time, I had concluded that your 'affections' were grown *cold*, or that you were united to the above *lady*.

But when I consider the unmerited respect, which you have been pleased to show me, I am again prompted by the laws of politeness, to comply with your late reasonable requisition. I have not, in doing so, the least intention of wounding your feelings ; nor do I wish you to think me impertinent, for writing to you these particulars of my *neglect*.

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\*See Appendix—Note 20.

And, sir, let me entreat you again, not to place your 'affections' too firmly on *me*; as you may, perhaps, be disappointed by a personal acquaintance. Perchance my behaviour, or conversation, will not be agreeable to you; as I have been *brought up at home*! Yet, nevertheless, I anticipate the hour of seeing you; and wish you a pleasant gale, in whatever course you may steer through life.

The evening is far advanced, sir, and I must conclude by inserting myself,

*Your well-wisher and friend,*

ANN M——.

Doct G. B. C——.

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## LETTER VIII.

*Huron, May 17.*

Dear Friend—Yesterday I received your endearing epistle, and in the evening attempted to make a reply; but scarcely had I seated myself for the purpose, before a messenger came, who was the cause of turning my anticipated pleasure into arduous toil.—I have just returned from my long and tedious *visit*; and now, with much cheerfulness, resume the pursuit of my former inclination.

I thank you kindly, madam, for giving me a description of that *obstructing evil*, which I had suspected, was endeavouring to blast my future happiness. No gentleman, *in my presence*, will dare attempt to even insinuate, that I have offered my respects to any other person, since I opened this correspondence with you : except, so far as I deemed it necessary and prudent, to support the sincere laws of politeness. But when I see a man striving to wear the roquelaure of gentility, and, at the same time, destitute of every garment of humanity ; I consider it my duty to treat him with that contempt, which his unfriendly—his *dastardly* conduct has merited ! —Think not, worthy lady, that I am yet steering towards revenge : for a revengeful disposition is as dreadful to society, as it is burdensome to itself. It is, in fact, the whirlwind of the soul, which, while one is under its dominion, completely resembles a fury !

But to proceed——Having heard that Dr. B—— had been to A——, I performed a journey to Cleaveland, for the express purpose of gaining some information concerning you. But on my arrival there, I soon learned, that he had gone to visit a friend, living one hundred miles distant. And entertaining the most painful suspicion, I was determined not to return, without some satisfaction. I, therefore, was very inquisitive with



Mrs. B—— ; during which, I perceived the exasperating smile of *deceit* pass over her delicate countenance. At length, I plainly told her, that I believed the Dr. and his brother, were endeavouring to blast my *brightest* expectations! At this, knowing that I was spirited, she became alarmed for the safety of her unworthy partner ; and, to appease me, faithfully promised to write immediately to you, and learn the cause of my not having so long received any letters.— But, my dear friend, you have, in your last, corroborated my suspicion ; for which, I have reason to thank you. I am ready to give all the inhabitants of this earth, full liberty to mention every thing, which they know respecting my *character*, if they will but *speak the truth*.

I am now, madam, much engaged in business ; and if I consult my secular interest, I shall be prohibited from seeing you this season, I have much more to say ; but will only add, that I sincerely hope, you will continue to obey the *good counsel*, of your parents, to whom I wish to be remembered ; and must conclude, by again assuring you, that *I am your friend*,

*And will forever be your humble servant,*

G. B. C——.

Miss Ann M——.



## LETTER IX.

A——. June 2.

Dear Sir---I should ill deserve that friendship, with which you have been pleased to honour me, were I not to improve the earliest opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of your very agreeable favour, which came to hand yesterday; and quite unexpectedly too, as I had thought it highly probable, that I should never hear from you again. But I perceive, sir, that *genuine friendship* is not to be shaken; although our enemies *may do their worst!*

Since I wrote you my last, I have passed many serious and unhappy hours, occasioned by the unfriendly reports which I have had, respecting you, from persons who *pretend* to be intimately acquainted with you. One in particular, a gentleman of my acquaintance, says, that he has frequently conversed with you upon the subject of our correspondence; that you expressed yourself in a very *ungentleman-like* manner concerning me; that “your letters were only meant, as a piece of sport for yourself;” and that, “if you should ever chance to come this way, you would call; and, if possible, perpetrate

a deed" too horrible for me to mention !—If this, sir, has ever been your language, you must know *where*, and to *whom*, it was spoken; but if it *has not*, let it be obliterated from our memories.—O, sir, can you not have some idea from this, what the situation of my mind has been. Indeed, I have actually thought, that if it were possible you could entertain such an opinion of me; or that I myself had encouraged a step, which was leading me on to *sour* my future felicity, and *blast* the happiness of my beloved parents, in their declining years; I say, if *such* could possibly be the case, I have most earnestly prayed, that the brittle thread of my existence might be *clipped*, and an end, at once, put to our *future miseries*!

But again, when I consider what a mixture of gall there is, in every cup we drink; I cannot help looking forward with pleasure to *that day*, which shall clear our paths from all obstructions, and change our present, painful anxieties into peace and happiness! I cannot but feel considerably interested for the person, who has treated me, thus far, with such unmerited politeness; and hope it will yet be in my power to reward him, as it deserves. I shall endeavour to pass those hours, that may be allotted us, during our separation, in a manner as beneficial as possible: which will be principally at school. I pre-

sume you can easily discover, sir, that there is great need of my accumulating a larger stock of education.

I enjoy myself sometimes very well with a few chosen friends ; among whom are the two Miss L——s. They both present their compliments to you. We have a fine society of young people here. Small assemblies are frequent ; and agreeably conducted, with pleasing conversation and harmless amusements. But an absent, *better friend*, sir, often renders them cold and indifferent to me !—I must draw to a close.—After assuring you of my inviolable constancy, I remain as ever,

*Your true and faithful friend,*

ANN M——.

Doct. G. B. C——.

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## LETTER X.

*Banks of Lake Erie. June 13.*

Dear and Kind Girl—It is with pleasure beyond description, that I announce to you the reception and joyous perusal of your last charming letter, which within one hour has come to hand. I delay not one single moment to answer it.

Could you, madam, only imagine the conflicting sensations of my wounded and throbbing mind, I am ready to think, that your goodness, extended on the wings of humanity, would cause you to fly to my relief!—Were it possible for the power of utterance, to reveal the soft emotions of my soul; the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, the chilling fears, that rule my breast by turns; I should need no other witness than *this sheet*, to evince to you the purity and ardour of that flame, which your charms have kindled!—But, alas! I am inspired with conceptions, that no language can convey. I am transported with desire!—distracted with doubts!—tortured with impatience!

And on the other hand, the flame of exasperation blazes with indignation towards inveterate enemies—*enemies*, who make use of every opportunity, during my absence, to communicate *falsehood*! When a man commits such an injury as this on me, let the difference of rank between us be ever so great; if he be a man whose influence shall be entitled to sufficient respect, I am contented to wave the privilege of my superiority, and seek reparation from him on equal terms. I consider it an atrocious crime, to misrepresent and blacken *any man's character* :

“The daring villain who should aim,  
To blast a fair and spotless name—

He steals a precious gem away,  
Steals what he never can repay !”

Those things, dear, madam, that have been sounded in your ears, are base, slanderous and false :—I positively know that I never have even communicated my attachment for you to any one ; except to Mrs. B. to my brother, and to a young gentleman living here with me. Let any man, *who is a man*, tell me, that I have spoken *disrespectfully* of you ; and I will soon give him an opportunity, of expressing his opinion in *good earnest* respecting me ! Do not, my dear friend, let those evil insinuations disturb you. Do not let them mar your peace ; nor cause you any trouble. And whatever your views are in *marrying*, take every precaution to prevent their being disappointed : as your *happiness* in this world, and perhaps in the next, depends much upon the choice, which you make of a *husband*. It is a maxim prudently laid down, that “ *love* is not to *begin* on the part of the females ; but depends entirely upon our attachment to them.”\*

Pardon me, my young friend, if I should attempt to offer you, a few words of counsel.

Let religion through life be your principal theme, so that when you come to die, it may be well with you.

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\*See Appendix—Note 21.

When you are at school, and when you have leisure hours at home, make every effort you can, to receive benefit from such important advantages ; and be convinced, that the cultivation of your mind, will highly exalt you in the estimation of man.

Let your friends be few, and well chosen. Be kind and obedient to your parents ; give honour to the aged ; and remember, (should your life be prolonged,) that those beautiful curls of yours, will yet be converted into gray locks : which I hope will come to the grave, like a shock of corn fully ripe. Be condescending and affectionate to your brothers and sisters. And if you are possessed of *pride*, banish it at once.\*

While I have been at this place, I have wished not to be thought singular. I have, therefore, attended a few insipid amusements : such as plays, dancing parties, &c. But I can truly say, that I have taken no pleasure in them. My mind has always been absent :

“ The fatal shafts unerring move,  
I bow before thine altar, love :  
I feel thy soft, resistless flame  
Glide swift, through all my vital frame.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
And ever drop the silent tear ;

Unheard, I mourn—unknown, I sigh;  
Unfriended, live—unpitied, die !”

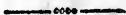
—————But, my dear friend,  
should it be permitted by the bountiful Giver  
of all things, I shall be at your father’s house  
before long. Please to present my sincere  
compliments, to those young ladies whom  
you mentioned ; and be assured of my res-  
pect for all the rest, with whom you think  
proper to associate.

*I am your true friend.*

*And humble servant,*

G. B. C——.

*Miss Ann M——.*



## LETTER XI.

*A ——, July 3.*

Dear Sir—Being once more permitted to  
peruse one of your pleasing and instructive  
letters, I cannot repay to you my present ob-  
ligations in any other manner better, than by  
improving the present opportunity of an-  
swering it. I am very sorry, when I reflect  
that I have ever had any *occasion* to wound  
your feelings, by relating to you the conduct of  
our most cruel foes; who I now perceive have  
been prompted to report evil against you,



hoping thereby to promote their own unwelcome intentions. This subject, indeed, has been to me the cause of many unhappy hours ! But I shall strive to blot it from my memory, and let future prospects only occupy my mind.

When for a moment I sometimes cherish a hope, and then turn my eyes and view myself and my situation, I am truly astonished, that a gentleman of your appearance, and of your education, should consider me worthy of his regard. I am now under the age of sixteen, surrounded with a tempting, dangerous and busy world ; but, notwithstanding so many waters roll, and so many mountains raise their lofty heads between us, permit me, sir, to look on you as a "*confidential friend*."

I shall patiently wait, sir, the fulfilment of your appointment. There is something in our long expected meeting, that fills my mind with a mixture of joy and reverential awe ; but I flatter myself, however, that it proceeds only from a childish whim !

Dear Sir—I tender you my sincere and hearty thanks, for so much good advice as I find contained in your letters. It has made deep, and I hope lasting impressions on my mind.

With respect to my views in "*marrying*," sir, I must say, that I have never suffered my-

self to dwell much, upon a subject of so high importance. "Why?" Because I was doubtful of my ability, to render myself a source of happiness to the gentleman, whom I should admire, and who might single me out as his partner for life. But I shall ever pray for merit to deserve your kindness, and your decided preference. I am satisfied that your intentions towards me are good. You really appear to me, as one of the wisest and best of men—nor will you be otherwise, while virtue is your leading star, and honour your guide.—However you may apply the following short lines, I shall repeat them—

" This glorious wish I freely give,  
And take courage by the way,  
While we in expectation live,  
And long to see the day !"

The evening is far advanced, sir, and I must draw to a close. But I must not forget to solicit your pardon, for using so much familiarity—it being the impulse of the passing moment. Should you consider these broken remarks worthy of a letter, you may, if you please, make it manifest by writing very soon. I remain, as ever,

*Your affectionate friend,*

ANN M——.

*Doct. G. B. C——.*

N. B. It will not be improper here to make a short digression, in order to prevent a mystery, which we expect would otherwise dwell upon the reader's mind.

The Doctor, having been apprized that a terrible storm was gathering at the eastward, and fearing, every moment, that the unjust torrent would burst upon his youthful head, found it, therefore, absolutely necessary to travel about 500 miles, for the purpose of having a further investigation. A cruel, unfriendly Uncle of his by adoption, whose possessions had been estimated at about 40,000 dollars, acted to him the base part of a barbarous tyrant. On arriving near the end of his journey, he found this uncle confined in prison; and represented as a candidate for the Penitentiary. And, alas, no sooner was the Doctor's arrival promulgated, than he was, by the cruel order of his uncle, arrested among strangers; and without justice or mercy, plunged headlong into prison! He was now under the painful necessity of continuing in this solitary situation, until he could send 100 miles for sufficient Bail.—Capt. C——, formerly of the 25th Reg't. favoured him with a few books, and an instrument of music, &c. with which to amuse himself during the interval. Soon after daylight, on the morning of the thirteenth day

of his ill-treatment, his Bail arrived ; and during that period of confinement, the two following letters were written.

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## LETTER XII.

*A ---, July 26.*

Dear Madam—I last addressed you from a distant clime, where I was basking in the sunshine of peace and prosperity. I now address you from the inmost recess, of a dark and solitary prison ! My uncle is determined to wound my ambition, by confining my person. His account is *unjust* ; his assertions are *false* ; his disposition is *barbarous* ; and his person is now confined in the next apartment.

What shall I say ? And how shall I console you ! What will you think ? And what will be said !—If your affections for me cease to exist, while I am bearing the burden of oppression, then, Happiness, adieu forever !

My disposition advises me to weep out the remnant of my days, in this lonely place, rather than to pay a debt which is not due.

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But, alas, I must stop writing,—for the silly tears have got posses-

sion of my eye-sight!——Adieu!—I am

*Your afflicted friend,*

G. B. C——.

*Miss Ann M——.*

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### LETTER XIII.

A——, July 31.

My Dear Friend—I hastily seize the present moment to write a few lines, to cheer you in your painful confinement. I should have written sooner; but was not *permitted*. My tears are unceasing, and tremble on my cheeks!

Dear Friend—Are there none to pour into your wounded heart, the balm of consolation? Rest assured, sir, that you have *one friend*, who feels the weight of your afflictions!

Do not consider it degrading to your unspotted reputation, to be cast into prison by an unprincipled *wretch*, who has been *four times* indicted for false swearing! Think not, sir, that your misfortunes can cause any diminution of my esteem. I shall prevail on my father to call and see you this evening.

Please to accept of these incoherent lines, as  
a token of respect from

*Your disconsolate friend,*

ANN M——\*

*Doct. G. B. C——.*

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## LETTER XIV.

*Saturday Morning, Aug. 5.*

' Dear and Kind Friend—What can give us  
a more brilliant example of *faithfulness*, than  
scenes like this ! It calls to mind, that the  
day of *prosperity*, is the time to collect friends ;  
and the hour of *adversity* to try them.

My pondering imagination, since yesterday, madam, has nearly convinced me, that I actually saw you in town ! You doubtless know, that I am confined\* from you, much against my inclination. Hence I flatter myself, that your good understanding will prevent you from thinking my request to be an improper one, if I should ask you to call at Mr. M——'s Inn, and see me as soon as

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\* Upon the "*limits*" now ; for his Bail arrived in a few days, after his *close* confinement.

convenient. Be accompanied, if you please, by some female friend. This from

*Your humble servant in trouble,*

G. B. C——.

*Miss Ann M——.*



N. B. Here, again, we must make an explicit digression.—The next day, an interview took place between the parties. The circumstances of it, were truly uncommon. Here they spoke to each other, for the *first time verbally*; although they had conversed together, in letters, nearly two years! The meeting was as solemn, as the event was singular. Tears of grief and affection, bespoke the feelings of each heart! And the prospect of approaching joy, tended to exhilarate every benumbed sensation: for the advancing hour of *emancipation*, was inevitably soon to subdue the power of painful captivity!

To prevent an explanation some where else, we will further state, that several respectable gentlemen of A——, knowing the injustice of the Doctor's persecution, kindly interceded and obtained for him a seat in the Academy, as its Teacher. In this Institution, he gave universal satisfaction to his employers, much to the mortification of his

enemies. During his continuance in this delightful situation, he wrote several pieces against his enemies, and against the oppressive laws. They were inserted in some of the weekly Newspapers, under the facetious signature of "COUNTY LOUNGER." He continued their Principal here six months ; during which period, the following letters were written.



## LETTER XV.

*August 23.*

Dear Friend—

Of all the millions in this world confest,  
 You are the truest, wisest and the best.  
 No wild emotion must your comfort cease,  
 And from your bosom drive the angel—*peace* ;  
 Nor vain desire e'er tempt your thoughts anew,  
 While I preserve this genuine *love* for you.

Come sweetest Beauty, on the car of time,  
 And view with me the world, from clime to clime ?  
 Thy witty mind would ev'ry wild explore ;  
 Trace ev'ry wave ; and scrutinize the shore :  
 On Erie's banks where villains steal along,  
 And Turkish Indians chant a dismal song ;  
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
 And bathe in blood the murd'rous Tomahawk ;



There might our flocks in spacious pastures stray,  
 And there our shepherds dance at op'ning day :  
 And if content, with love and friendship blest,  
 Should sweet emotions charm our youthful breast ;  
 And, as we gave each wild idea scope,  
 Look to new joys with renovated hope.

How swiftly fly the raptures of our prime !  
 Swept by the tempest of destroying time !

E'er since that cruel Uncle mis'ry gave,  
 I've sigh'd for you, and wish'd him in the grave.  
 Ah, *wretched scoundrels all !*—Can SOLID TRUTH  
 Stand up, and speak like them, against a youth ?  
 They surely know, that he no wrong has done ;  
 His mother mourns for her unhappy son :—  
 Will not her tortur'd bosom throb still more,  
 When she reflects on his good name before ?

But dear REMEMBRANCE ! thy sweet soothing  
 pow'r,  
 Wing'd with delight confinement's ling'ring hour ;  
 And the clear spring, that runs from yonder cell,  
 Silly bespoke ANN's virtues as it fell !  
 Such magic influence makes the coward brave ;  
 Gives ease, to anguish ; *freedom*, to the slave.

And O ! when icy death approaches near,  
 And bids life's transient visions disappear ;

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\*Only his *enemies*. Well might he express the temper of the Bard, when he exclaimed :

“ Our foes by earth and heav'n abhorred,  
 'Tis *God-like* to unsheath the sword ! ”—EDITOR.

When o'er my eyes the deadly symptoms spread,  
 And all th' allurements of this world are fled;  
 I'll in your goodness greater virtues trace,  
 Than fair exertions, or than deeds of grace :  
 For you, alone, with your consoling pow'r,  
 Can chase the terrors of that awful hour ;  
 From chill despair the strug'ling spirit save,  
 And whisper *happiness* beyond the grave !

*Yours forever,*

G. B. C——.

*Miss Ann M——.*



## LETTER XVI.

*September 3.*

Honoured Madam—

He is a fool who deems it—shame,  
 Upon the wall to write his name ;  
 When *Childhood's* journey he had run,  
 The days of *Manhood* then begun :  
 I left my home with discontent,  
 Alas ! on youthful pleasures bent ;  
 My pride was great, but power small,  
 I smil'd on one, and laugh'd at all :  
 So when I climb'd the stage of life,  
 Look'd round the world to find a wife !

Hark ! from the battlement of yonder tower,  
 The solemn bell proclaims the midnight hour :  
 —Rous'd from his visions of distemper'd sleep,  
 A poor youth wakes in solitude to weep !

"Cease *mem'ry*, cease," that youthful lover cry'd,  
"To probe my bosom—too severely try'd;  
"But never cease my pensive thoughts to stray,  
"To ANN's delightful cottage far away."

Then ardent hope gave music to his mind;  
Tun'd all her charms, and told him she was kind:  
How could he cease, while glow'd the vital flame,  
In rapt'rous sighs to speak his *Charmer's* name?  
He heard her spirit wail in ev'ry storm;  
In midnight shades he view'd her passing form:  
But as his heart sat smiling o'er the plan,  
He wept; and curs'd the day that life began!—  
Tho't from her breast, both love and shelter thrown  
—And wander'd heartless, friendless and alone!  
While in despair, and thus without a friend,  
She did, at last, one cheering letter send!

Delightful idols of the courtly train,  
Could you—O! could your feelings guess the pain?  
He then was far from home, and young, and coy;  
He sigh'd, he pray'd, and wept for pensive joy:  
And soon as evening's darkness clos'd the day,  
He straight into his chamber found the way;  
Hoping to cure this *pain*, or ease its smart,  
By breathing out the secrets of his heart:  
Alas! he had to weep, and mourn, and sigh  
*There all alone*—except the lamp was by.

But when his pen he raised to employ,  
He heard again a sound of heav'nly joy;  
And thus he thought he heard the *Angel* say:  
"Come GILBERT! come now, wipe those tears  
away"—

"But while," said he, "your *letters* I must view,  
While in a distant land I mourn for you"—

"Weep not," she cried, "*weep not!* at nature's  
pain,

For we shall surely live to *meet again!*"

Thus, while such numbers rumbl'd through his  
head,

He kill'd the light and tumbl'd into bed;

And round about his breast soft love did creep,

Until he sobb'd, and slumber'd into sleep:

But still, again, he ponder'd o'er her charms,

And faith, he dreamt he held her in his arms!

*Yours,*

G. B. C——.

*Miss Ann M——.*

The following Postscript was written on account of the great fatigues experienced one day; and the impatience, occasioned by being debarred from those objects, upon which the mind sometimes dwells with pleasure and without cessation,—until sunk into despair.

P. S. Worthy Miss—

This hard day's slow and ling'ring hour,

With unavailing anguish flows;—

These burning sighs, this endless pow'r,

That speak my tortur'd bosom's woes.

And when the pearly car of eve,

In silver rad'ance rides on high;

Still does my breast with sorrow heave,

Still starts the tear within mine eye!

Or, should I lay me down at night,  
To woo the balmy pow'r of sleep ;  
Thy visions swim before my sight,  
And e'en in dreams for thee I weep.

And when the golden morn appears,  
And blushes in th' ethereal plain ;  
It finds my eyes still bath'd in tears,  
For fear that you will show disdain !



## LETTER XVII.

September 10.

Honoured Miss—

Those friends, who in the *summer* live,  
When *winter* comes, are gone ;  
And I, who have but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone !

But you can heal this broken heart ;  
And, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathe sweetness out of woe !

Yet ah ! when joy no longer cheers,  
Then e'en the hope, that threw  
A moment's ray upon our tears,  
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too.

How could I bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love,

Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
Like heav'nly peace above !

None can, but you, a charm impart,  
To soothe my youthful woe ;  
For grief lies heavy on my heart,  
And tears begin to flow !

*Adieu—Yours,*

G. B. C——.

Miss Ann M——.

## LETTER XVIII.

The following letter was written for, and occupied a corner of a Gazette, signed **TUUS AMICUS**. Many unavailing endeavours were made, to discover the real Author; till, at length, the scrutinizing eye of imagination, removed the mystery beyond a doubt.

### ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

*Addressed to ANN.*

Did you ask me, dear Madam, what sort of a *wife*,  
Could gain and secure my *affections* for life ?  
The question's important, and one I can vow,  
I never have seriously thought of till now !  
But yet on the subject I'll try to express,  
My notions arrang'd in simplicity's dress.

With respect to her *age*, I would choose it between,  
Sedate twenty one, and vivacious eighteen ;  
Or suppose it three seasons below or above,—  
A very few years should not alter my love.

Let her *person* the medium height have attain'd ;  
Let her *motions* be graceful, her *shape* unrestrain'd ;  
Her *deportment* adroit, unaffected and free ;  
Complaisant to all men, but *partial* to me !

'Tis not love's sweetest eyes my affections can win,  
Nor darling complexion, the tint of the skin ;—  
Though the lilly and rose on her face are display'd,  
I know lillies will droop, and that roses will fade ;  
If, therefore, she is brown, or enchantingly fair,  
Or has black or blue eyes, not a fig do I care !

Let her *countenance* health and good temper bespeak,  
And the pure BLUSH of *modesty* glow on her cheek ;  
Let her sweet ruby lips the *soft accents* impart,  
Of friendship sincere as it flows from the heart ;  
And her *whole conversation* those pleasures dispense,  
Which result from good-breeding, and native good  
sense.

Although fashion and gaiety prompt her to roam,  
Let *judgment* and *taste* make her happy at home :  
There conscious of innocence, free from all care,  
With thoughts pure as light, and elastic as air.  
Let *domestic* enjoyments her fancy engage,  
And good *humour* and *prudence*, keep pace with her  
age ;  
By the virtues sublime be her *actions* refin'd,  
And let *honour* radiate her well informed mind :

In fine, to concentrate her charms in one view,  
I am sure she would please, *if exactly like you!*

Ye powers, who preside o'er the fate of mankind,  
If *such a Companion* for me is design'd;  
O tell me what town now possesses the FAIR:  
On the pinions of love through the bosom of air,  
I would cross the wide ocean amid dread alarms,  
And fly to surrender my soul to her charms!

TUUS AMICUS.

September 16.

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## LETTER XIX.

*For the Gazette.*

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

*Addressed to Tuus Amicus.*

Did you ask if the thing to my choice were submitted,  
Dear Sir, how I wish in a man to be fitted?  
I will answer you freely, and beg you to mind him;  
Your friendship perhaps may assist me to find him.

His age and condition must first be consider'd;  
The rose on his cheek must be blown, but not wither'd;  
His fortune from debts and incumbrances clear,  
Unsaddl'd with jointures--a thousand a year!  
And to shew you at once, both my sense and good  
nature,  
I never would quarrel should it chance to be greater.



The *qualities* next of his heart and his head—  
 Good-natur'd and friendly, sincere and well-bred ;  
 With wit when he pleases, in all things to shine,—  
 And sense not too small, to set value on mine !  
 Let his knowledge and learning but seldom appear ;  
 Nor his courage be shown, except danger is near—  
 With an eye that can melt at another man's woe ;  
 A heart to forgive, and a hand to bestow.

Thus, in short, I've mark'd out, in those whimsical  
 lays,

The *Partner* I wish for the rest of my days.  
 Go find thou the man, who is form'd to my plan,  
 And him I will marry—(*I mean if I can !*)

Should I chauce to be plagu'd with a fop, or a fool ;  
 Too perverse to be mild, and too silly to rule ;  
 I would sit down content with the lot that was mine :  
 Though I might suffer much, yet I would not repine !  
 You may laugh, if you please ; but I say, that I would  
 Do all I have told you,—(*I mean if I could !*)

—But I can't love a fop, who must strut through  
 the street,

And will not speak to farmer's, he happens to meet ;  
 No !—he ought not, he must not such persons neglect ;  
 But should treat ev'ry class with becoming respect.

Sir, your *looks*, your *behaviour*, and also your *dress*,  
 Have met with my fancy I frankly confess :  
 May we shun ev'ry wrong—then we both shall do  
 right ;

So the late hour says, *I must bid you good night.*

ANN —

September 20.

## LETTER XX.

*Written at midnight, on the blank leaves of  
a pocket-book.*

Would but indulgent fortune send  
To me, a kind and faithful friend ;  
One, who to nature's laws is true,  
And does her nicest rules pursue ;  
One, pious, lib'ral, just and brave,  
And to her passions not a slave :  
Who, full of honour, void of pride,  
Will freely praise, and freely chide ;  
But not indulge the smallest fault,  
Nor entertain one slighting thought :  
Who still the same will ever prove—  
Will still instruct, and still will love ;  
In whom I safely can confide,  
And with her all my cares divide :  
Who has a large capacious mind,  
Join'd with a knowledge unconfin'd ;  
With reason bright and judgment true,  
And wit both quick and solid too :  
Who can of all things talk with ease,  
Whose sweet converse will ever please ;  
Who hates a mimic of the graces ;  
Despises fools with taunting faces,—  
And still a beauteous one does prize,  
Above the most enchanting eyes :—  
I would not envy kings their state,  
Nor once desire a happier fate !

But, worthy nymph, I must confess,  
Those qualities you do possess ;

O then, when shall I see the time,  
That I in peace can call you mine?  
But you to God I do commend,  
While I remain—

*Your constant Friend,*

G. B. C—

*Miss Ann M—.*



## LETTER XXI.

*September 26.*

My Dear Friend—Although at present I am suffering under various afflictions of mind, and supported only by inflexible integrity; yet my heart becomes elated with cheerfulness, whenever I consider, that not far distant, I have one dear, youthful friend—one, who cannot be removed from the highest estimation in my affections. And, until the cold chills of icy death shall stand hovering over me, ready to snatch me to the silent grave, I will adore her; and even then, shall my departing breath express as much concern for her immortal welfare, as for my own!

I send you, with this, a box of paints; together with some portraits, which I consider as imperfect specimens of my painting. I wish you to send me a few of your own productions in this art. Also, I wish you

to exert yourself in making further proficiency, both in painting and drawing; or, should it be possible for you *now* to fall short of perfection, your tender age will stand as an advocate in your favour. I need not reiterate to you the importance of well improving your mind, in all useful and ornamental knowledge. In great haste, madam, I am

*Your humble servant,*

G. B. C——.

*Miss Ann M——.*

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## LETTER XXII.

*September 30.*

Dear Sir—In order to prevent future misery, and to re-establish peace in my father's family; I am under the painful necessity of writing this—*my last address to you!* But, my dear friend, be so wise as not to let it afflict you. Let your candid and generous mind be actuated with superior judgment. And if you feel the least degree of friendship for me, please to make it manifest by a total neglect of me hereafter!—You will please to consider my juvenile age; and let charity plead in my behalf.

The stern commands of my father, urge me to make to you this unpleasant report. He has strictly forbidden my receiving your addresses any longer, or any other person's; as he considers I am too young, and my judgment too weak, to encounter the seige of a courtship!—But, nevertheless, he is perfectly satisfied with your generosity, and with your unprecedented politeness to me.—Yet spare me, dear sir, O, spare me from future upbraidings—O! suffer me to weep alone! and you shall receive my most affectionate wishes for your future felicity.

I sincerely thank you for all your good advice to me, and for the numerous favours you have shown me. My prayers will ever be offered before the throne of grace, for your temporal and your eternal happiness.—But, dear sir, I entreat you again to spare me from family broils. O! let my name be erased from your memory! or else treat me with a friendly distance.

If it should be your request, sir, I will return you all your letters. And if you receive this, do not let it disturb you; but read it with cold indifference, and then commit it to the flames: while you shall say,

“ ———— ANN adieu,  
*I'll trouble myself no more for you ! !*”  
 Doct. G. B. C——. ANN M——.



## LETTER XXIII.

*Addressed to ANN's Father.*

*September 30.*

Mr. M——, I was resting securely in the affections of ANN, free from the most terrible apprehensions till this moment ! The dreadful, unexpected wound which I have just received in my breast, I fear will either deprive me of my senses, or prove fatal to my existence ! And O sir, *you* now appear to be the only physician, who can restore me to health and happiness !

Your daughter, sir, has, this morning with much reluctance, conveyed me the very unpleasant intelligence, that you have strictly forbidden her from receiving any further “addresses” from me. But, alas ! how can I blame *her* ? By obeying *parental commands* she has performed her duty.† My mind, sir, has, for a long time past, been exalted with that cheering hope which crowns

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\* See Appendix—Note 23. † Do. 24.

the senses, and which only saves the youthful heart from the most bitter despondency.—O! how can I think of breaking that chain of friendship between us, which has already become so strongly rivitted? Or, how can I think of withdrawing my mind from that habitation, which contains the rich object of my weeping heart?—I cannot—it *shall not* cease to dwell there!

I once, sir, conversed with you upon this subject. At that time I recollect you made no objections to my propositions.—But now, sir, tell me plainly what undermining wretch is endeavouring to blast my future felicity!—I cannot conceive the origin of your objections—as you know that I have descended from genteel parents; and have ever striven, as far as fortune would permit, to maintain the character and dignity of a gentleman.—Notwithstanding I have experienced misfortunes, which sometimes, without prevention, involves the best men upon earth; charity deters me from believing, that a gentleman of your good sense will *continue* to exercise such a tyrannical piece of *injustice*. O NO!!—I will still hope a few days longer!—and then, if I fail, I will meet my FATE with all that courage which the Goddess of nature hath given me! I should almost conclude, sir, that I were beside myself, had I not heard

and read before of wiser men than I, having been overpowered and governed by a ruling passion, that I once thought never existed.

Have the goodness, dear sir, if I have made any *mistakes* in this address, to overlook them.—Please to call, and indulge me to converse with you *one hour* ; and oblige your friend and humble servant—who is now tossing upon the wave of destruction!

G. B. C——.

Mr. M. M——, Esq.

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### LETTER XXIV.

The following letter was found in one of the Doctor's pockets, on the morning of the 16th October, conveyed there by an unknown hand.

My Dear Sir—Once more, I am permitted to write to you ; and to request you to obliterate every affliction, which I myself, or any others, may possibly have caused you. I am your *true*, though unworthy friend : and I hope you will condescend to view me again with that radiant smile, which your countenance has ever worn. O yes ! so noble a soul as yours, will pity the weakness of inno-



cence ; throw a veil over *parental authority* ; and cast an eye of disdain, full of contempt, upon the slaves of *slander* and *mischief*.

Until I shall know the situation of your mind, sir, I cannot rest. My father is once more reconciled ; and wishes you to call on us as soon as convenient.—And then, I hope the sun of peace will shine through the thick, dark cloud of despondency ; and bring delight to our troubled minds.

Do not think, sir, that you are destitute of *friends* in this place,—for you have many !—And please to comprehend in these lines, what *diffidence* forbids me at present to write.

The cause why my father's indignation has been so powerfully excited, was owing to a barbarous Uncle, Mr. P——, and Mr. L—— ; who have done all in their power, by using *falsehood*, to degrade your character.—If you should have an opportunity, please to write me a line. And may heaven's blessings rest upon you, is the sincere wish of

*Your ever,*

ANN M——.

*Doct. G. B. C——.*

## LETTER XXV.

*Copy of a Letter from the Doctor to Miss A. L——, one of his Sweetheart's particular friends ; dated*

*A——, December 10.*

Respected Madam—I must beg your kind indulgence a few moments, while I presume to address you by letter, which I trust your goodness will not fail to grant me.

You are very sensible, no doubt, madam, that *affliction* is the common lot of human nature. No state of life, from the first to the last, is exempt from it. Inquiries after happiness, and even rules for attaining it, are not so necessary to mankind, as the art of consoling others, and of supporting ourselves under affliction. Alas! we little know what calamities we are able to bear, until we have experienced them. When we look back on what we have already endured, we must be satisfied that the same Almighty Power, who has hitherto been our aid and protection, is willing—and still will continue to be our support. And rather than to murmur against God, as the practice of some is, let us look upon *these evils* as Providential, in the great scale of being; well calculated to awaken us to more vigilance in our duty, and to guard us against some greater, impending misfortune.

You doubtless have heard of a revolution that actually took place, in opposition to the *true*, and, I believe, fashionable laws of matrimony ; and in which, on the side of *defensive* operations, I have been one of the principal actors and party concerned. It is with much astonishment and regret, that I view the general inclination of parents to imbibe such noxious insinuations against others, as greatly tend in such cases, without any foundation, to prove degrading to their characters. But that lovely tenderness, however, which the parent bears, and ought to bear for the child, is the strongest and dearest tie in nature. Providence has kindly implanted this noble passion in his breast, out of peculiar regard to his offspring : for if it absolutely did *not* exist, or only existed in a smaller degree than what it does, the earth would at length become uninhabited ; as nothing but the unremitting care of the *parent*, can possibly preserve the life of the helpless infant.

Madam—I have ever maintained the highest esteem for the amiable Miss ANN ; and bless the moment that first allowed me the pleasure of seeing her ! And I pray, that God will support her under afflictions ; and still permit me to be her humble servant.—Were it possible for a step-mother to supply

the place of a *natural* one, I have thought that I had seen examples of it, in the family of Mr. M——.

The numerous favours which you have been pleased to show that family, I take the present opportunity of acknowledging ; and in return, send you my sincere thanks enclosed with feelings of gratitude. Be assured, madam, that I shall make clear calculations of taking up all such obligations. I have the honour to be with the highest respect, madam,

*Your most obedient*

*Humble servant,*

G. B. C——.

Miss A. L——.



## LETTER XXVI.

### THE ANSWER.

*December 26.*

Kind Sir—With sentiments of the highest esteem, I embrace the earliest opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your beautiful and very sentimental epistle. I return you my most grateful and hearty thanks, for all your complimentary remarks and good wishes

recalled her back to the world—to you, and to all her friends ! It apparently snatched her, sir, from the very brink of destruction ; and clothed her face with a gentle smile.

Sir, you will please to pardon the liberty I am taking, when I tell you that I had a mind to try a project upon Miss ANN, after receiving your letter. I sent for her to come to our house. She came. I showed her the superscription of your letter ; and gave her to understand, that *she had no more to expect from you ; that you had broken off all further communications with her ; and that ever after you would treat her with cold indifference !*—At these words her whole frame became agitated ; the colour forsook her lips ; and a flood of tears rolled down her innocent cheeks like rain from heaven ! O cruel wretch I was !! My heart was broken at the sight ! In defiance of all fortitude, the sympathising tear escaped from my eyes—to think *I had attempted to wound the picture of innocence !* But I hastened to unfold and hand her the letter ; which soon changed the dreadful scene to one of the greatest earthly felicity.

I think, sir, that you have formed a very just opinion—well worthy of Miss ANN.\*—She is really one of the finest of women. And if such a thing can be, she is without a fault !

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\* See Appendix—Note 25.

She possesses all the goodness that can adorn the female character. She has ever been a most *faithful* friend to you. And may heaven reward her, for all her goodness to you and me; and for her kindness to many others, who know and appreciate her worth.

Dear Sir—I tender you my sincere thanks for your politeness to me, from the commencement of our acquaintance to the present period; and shall ever solicit your friendship.—And nothing, sir, could give me more pleasure, than to see you happily united to the object of your affections; and all your *wrongs* justified. I look forward with pleasing anticipation, for the arrival of that happy hour; in which, your hands will be as firmly joined together, as your hearts have long been united. And then, may the angels of quietness direct your steps. May no sorrow disturb your days. May no grief distress your nights. May the pillow of peace kiss your cheeks. And when the lamp of your existence shall be drawing to a close, may it not receive one ruder blast than the breath of heaven, to hasten its extinction. *I am, sir, with the highest esteem,*

*Your real friend,*

A. L——.

*Doct. G. B. C——.*

N. B. It is confidently believed, that the Reader's patience has not yet become entirely exhausted ; but it is out of our power to request it, only one moment longer. Every person would be glad to know the result of a subject so important ; a *subject* too, in which the whole community themselves, are more or less, individually and politically interested. On the 20th day of January following, the Rev. Mr. Chatfield delivered to the parties the nuptial, consecrated ceremony ; and furnished them with the *lawful* credentials of matrimony. A band of chosen friends assembled on the occasion, with testimonials of joy. The whole scene for several hours, exhibited, without any interruption, the most brilliant and delectable feelings of felicity ; attended with the sweet, vibrating tones of the best music. In a few weeks after this, the happy couple retired to the plains of romantic solitude, west of the Genesee, in New-York ; where they now dwell in a cottage of contentment.

Farewell, dear Yours ; Reader !—We ardently wish that, by your *wisdom* and *prudence*, you may obtain a fortune as *desirable*,

and a happiness as *consummate* in a *Companion for life*, as the preceding ! The Supreme Governor of the whole Universe, only can tell when you may hear from us again.\*

END OF PART SECOND.


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\* See Appendix—Note 26.



## APPENDIX.

NOTE 1.—OUR moon borrows her light from the sun. Her luminous part is supposed to be *land*; and her opake part, *water*. When the earth intersects a line reaching from the sun to the moon, the shadow of the earth falls upon the moon; and she is said to be eclipsed. This must always happen at the "*Full Moon*." And when the moon is crossing a line reaching from the sun to the earth, the shadow of the moon falls upon the earth; and there is said to be an eclipse of the sun. This must always happen at the "*New Moon*."



NOTE 2.—"CLAUDIUS PTOLEMEUS," for instance, "a celebrated astronomer of Pelusium, in Egypt, who adopted and defended the prevailing system of that age, supposes the earth immoveably fixed in the centre of the Universe; and that the moon, the planets, and the stars all move round it, from east to west, once in twenty four hours, in the following order: The Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Herschel, and the fixed stars. These were all supposed to be fixed in separate chrySTALLINE spheres, and to be included in another, called the *Primum Mobile*, which gives motion to all the rest."

NOTE 3.—“ THERE are usually reckoned five Zones, or Belts of the earth ; viz. *one* torrid, *two* temperate, and *two* frigid. The space between the two tropicks is called the *Torrid Zone*, in every part of which the sun is vertical twice a year, and of course the weather is always warm ; the two spaces between the tropicks, and the polar circles, are called the *Temperate Zones* ; and the two spaces between the polar circles and the poles, are called the *Frigid Zones*.”




NOTE 4.—THE *Solstices* are two points 23 deg. 28 m. north and south of the equator, or equinoctial line ; at which the day is longest in summer, or shortest in winter. They are sometimes called the tropical points.—The *Tropicks* are two mathematical lines drawn parallel to the equator. The *Tropick of Cancer* is on the north ; the *Tropick of Capricorn*, on the south.



NOTE 5.—“ THE secret of ascertaining the precise moment of the *equinox*, to which instant so many virtues by some (“*tant de virtus*”) are attributed, consists in having the ashes of vine branches and crystal glass.—

The glass must be placed on a solid table, or something not liable to be agitated, the windows and doors exactly closed; that the wind may not disturb the operation. These dispositions being made, fill the glass with clear water, and throw in about two spoonfuls of the ashes, which will be soon precipitated to the bottom, and leave the water transparent: you then wait with patience the moment of the equinox. At the moment the sun ascends to our hemisphere, or descends from it, the ashes will rise from the bottom of the glass, and render the water turbid, as though an invisible hand had shaken it.

“This experiment, as curious as easy, offers to philosophers a great subject of meditation, and those of them who may assure themselves of its truth, will, in accounting for it, draw forth principles more luminous and fruitful in useful knowledge, than the analogy of the electrical fire with that of thunder.”—And then the true cause why the *Divining Rod* is attracted by *Minerals*?



NOTE 6.—“EGYPT every where abounds with the most stupendous monuments of Antiquity. Of these, the most noted are the *Pyramids*, the largest of which is 500 feet in perpendicular height, and covers ten acres of ground.”

NOTE 7.—THIS *System* supposes the sun to be in its centre; and that all the planets move round him in regular order. According to their distances from the sun, they move in the following manner: “Mercury, Venus, Earth, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel. Four of these, viz. Ceres, Pallas, Juno and Vesta, have been lately discovered, so that little is known of them. Some deny that they are planets, while others think they deserve that title. Besides those primary planets, there are satellites attending some of them, and revolve about them as their centre. These satellites are called moons. The earth has one moon, Jupiter four, Saturn seven, and Herschel six.”



NOTE 8.—SOME modern philosophers do not hesitate to derogate from this position.—Unwilling to admit that the sun is ‘*an immense globe of fire,*’ with much plausibility they contend that, ‘*his internal nucleus is opaque; and that he is surrounded with a large, thick, brilliant atmosphere.*’ Hence, the *dark spots* which excited so much speculation, in 1816, can easily be accounted for; as well as those which may be seen with glasses, perhaps every day.

May we not ask, without being considered presumptuous, why the sun cannot be inhabited with human beings, and with every sort of species as well as the earth, or any of the rest of the planets? Is it the height of folly and extravagance, because some think him to be *fire*, to suppose this is *actually* the case? Do we, in fact, receive any *heat* from him? NO: every single particle which we discover, or which can be produced within the external superficies of our atmosphere; exists, and always did exist in the four elements of the earth. When the sun serves to cause a *degree* of heat, or to increase it in any place, it is effected only with the *influential* power of his rays. But will it boldly be asserted, that 'An almost infinite number of streams of *heat*, as well as of *light*, constantly travel from him to the earth, like a flash of flame from a rifle?' What then supplies him with *combustion*? Why has he not become *extinct*?—Indeed! Is not his disk as large *now*, as it was at the creation?—And, to crown the whole, will it be contended, that 'His *diminution* is supplied from *invisible Agency*'? As well might it be contended, that 'In the days of Joshua the sun stood *still*;' that 'In the days of Jeremiah he *went back 15 degrees*;' and consequently, that this proves the earth to be *absolutely station-*

ary, while the *sun, moon, planets* and *fixed stars* revolve round her every 24 hours !!

“Many people wonder at the astronomers’ calculations, and are led to think they build their theories on their own imaginations; but they are governed by such rules as are made plain to them by geometry, of which the unlearned in that science have no idea. Their conclusions are built on truths made evident to their senses.”



NOTE 9.—“THERE are but two known planets *nearer* to the sun than the earth:—Mercury and Venus have *warmer* climates, but eight of them are far more distant from the sun, and consequently have much *colder* climates.”

It appears very reasonable to suppose that the ‘*Climates*’ of the planets differ from each other, in proportion to their difference of distance from the sun; because his rays are more direct and powerful on Mercury, than on Herschel: and this is the more easily acknowledged, if we consider him to be ‘*fire*’—for the nearer the *fire*, the greater the *heat*. But who has ever ascertained this business? The difference in the *size* of the planets, may produce incalculable effects on their ‘*climates*.’ Their atmospheres may differ mate-

rially from ours. And the caloric of their bodies may also vary as well as their distances: so that none of their 'climates' are 'warmer' and none 'colder' than ours.



NOTE 10.—“THE waters of the ocean are subject to a continual rising and falling, which motion in them is called the tides. This motion was long known to be governed by certain regular causes, but none were able to explain them till Sir Isaac Newton showed and proved that the *attraction* of the *sun* and *moon* produced this wonderful effect.”

Query—If the tide rises but a few inches on the equator,—and higher and higher towards either pole; and if the primary cause of all this be a vibrating motion of the *land*, in the *water*, from north to south, has not the Earth a *third* ‘motion’?



NOTE 11.—“THAT the earth, or planet which we inhabit, is round, is evident: *First*, from the consideration that this shape is best adapted to motion. *Secondly*, from the appearance of its shadow in eclipses of the moon, which is always bounded by a circular line. *Thirdly*, from analogy; all the other pla-

nets being globular; and *Fourthly*, from its having been many times circumnavigated.

“As many find it difficult to conceive how people can stand on the opposite side of the globe without falling off, their conception may be assisted by supposing all the various bodies on the earth’s surface were of iron, and a very large magnet were placed in the centre, then all bodies being attracted towards the centre by the magnet, they could not fall off, which way soever the earth should turn. Now the attraction of gravitation operates on *all* bodies as that of magnetism does on iron *only*.

“It is now ten o’clock in the morning, and we now think we are standing upright on the upper part of the earth. We shall think the same at ten o’clock this evening, when the earth shall have turned half round, because we shall then perceive no difference of posture. We shall then be exactly in the position of those persons who now stand on the opposite side of the earth. Since they are as strongly attracted towards the centre of the earth as we are, they can be in no more danger of falling downward than we are at present of falling upward.”



NOTE 12.—MANY of the illiterate cannot



see the propriety, and will not be taught the fact of the earth's annual circuit round the sun. Nor will they even admit her daily revolution. Some pretend to almost comprehend Deity ; but these things, with them, are quite incomprehensible ! In conversation one day with a certain Minister of this unbelieving Order, who admitted that the earth was round like a ball, but asserted he could prove from the sacred Scriptures that it "*stood still*," he was asked "Sir, on what does the earth stand ?" "On the power of God," said he. "Well sir, admitting then that the earth *stands still*, the sun must positively move at the rapid rate of about 659,396,000 miles every day ! Divide this by 24, and you will have his hourly motion.—Now, sir, which is the most natural and the most rational, to suppose that the *earth* should turn like a wheel once round in 24 hours, or that the *sun* should fly such an astonishing distance ?" He replied by only saying, that "No person ought to read any thing but the *Bible* and the *Hymn Book* !"

"The minds of many people are greatly hurt by the idea, that modern Philosophy and Astronomy should be made to contradict the Holy Scriptures. But this cannot be admitted, for there is nothing in the Bible of either ; only enough to bring some distant ideas to

the unlearned, by speaking of the heavenly bodies in a figurative sense.

“ Do the sacred writings speak of the rising of the sun? This is the language of all mankind, of astronomers as well as others ; though they do not admit that the sun moves from its fixed place. It would be a tedious mode of expressing our ideas of the motion of the earth, to speak in a philosophical way, and say that the earth has turned to such a point, or is in such a position. Perhaps most people who read the Scriptures, would, after well considering the matter, allow that the Bible phrases are the most suitable for common use, even were the sun fixed in the centre of the system, and that the day and night are caused by the motion of the earth. We may in the same manner easily account for the language that represents the sun as *standing still* in the days of Joshua. No doubt a modern astronomer would express himself in the same language, without a fear of being accused of improprieties. In vain we look into the Bible for philosophy ; it has a nobler theme—those holy pages were never intended to make astronomers or philosophers, but to cure that evil disposition of the mind that disposes a man to cavil with things holy and divine. Its size would not admit of other subjects. If the scriptures show us our whole duty to God and man, it does more

than any other book in the world. So far are the received opinions of the motions of the earth, and the plurality of worlds, from derogating from the goodness and wisdom of God, that they raise in the mind the noblest ideas of his perfections."



**NOTE 13.**—THE air sometimes called **ATMOSPHERE**, is a fine, invisible, elastic fluid, every where surrounding the earth, and extending 45 miles from its surface.

Air put in motion is called **WIND**. The velocity of wind in a storm has been estimated at about 63 miles in an hour; in a fresh gale at 21; and in a gentle breeze at about 10.

Winds are divided into constant, periodical, and variable.

**CONSTANT WINDS**, blow always in one direction.

**PERIODICAL WINDS**, blow half a year in one direction, and half a year in a contrary direction.

**VARIABLE WINDS**, are those which are subject to no regularity of duration or change.



**NOTE 14.**—RENDERED thus: *but not literally*—"A kindness done from a good inten-

tion is increased in value.—Would to heaven that we were as grateful to God for his kindness to us as we usually are to human benefactors ! God grant that we may exercise ourselves both piously and diligently in this reflection.”



NOTE 15.—IN this Note we shall *pen down* a few strictures upon Schools and Instructors.

“Nothing can be plainer than that the greatest care ought to be taken in choosing and appointing Instructors of youth ; and scarce any thing is plainer, or more lamentable, than the neglect which many towns and committees have been chargeable with in this point. The consequence has been, that children have been ill taught, ill bred and ill behaved ; partly because their schoolmasters were so, and partly because they were negligent ; for it is probable that some, though qualified to instruct the mind, and form the manners of youth, have been obliged to take up with so small wages, as required, in their opinion, but small pains to earn them.

“It was always the duty of those who undertook the business of school keeping, not only to teach and oblige children to read well ; to write, speak, spell and cypher well—but

also to behave well. It was therefore their duty to attend to their manners and morals, to set them good examples, and to give them frequent instructions and admonitions on this head. But there has been a manifest neglect here, owing in a great measure to such persons having been employed, as were unskilled in these matters themselves, or did not consider them as a part of their business.—Many have been employed, who, because they were so young, or so awkward, or so well known, or so familiar, or so destitute of the talent of governing, as well as some other talents, as to appear with no dignity, and to have no influence.

“It was my privilege in early life, to be sent to good schools; and I know the benefit of them. My native town, though at some distance from the capital, and no ways distinguished for opulence and politeness, was always solicitous to maintain constant schools, and to employ none but well educated, and well behaved schoolmasters.—A schoolmaster was considered by the people, and therefore by the children and youth, as next to the minister in dignity, in usefulness, and in a just title to their respect. He was invited to the best tables, and acknowledged as fit company for the best families. This, together with his own personal appearance, manners

and accomplishments, gave him the greatest influence in the school. His behaviour was a fine example, his precepts and admonitions were received as oracles. For myself, I freely acknowledge, that, whether I have made proportionable improvements or not, some of the best, and most serious impressions, were made upon my mind by the wise and well adapted instructions and admonitions of schoolmasters. Whenever teachers of this stamp were sought for—and sought for they were, and adequately rewarded—they could be attained; because such only were encouraged.—And it was not till within a few years, that I became acquainted with the ill judged parsimony of many towns in neglecting schools, or, for the sake of cheapness, employing ignorant, low bred masters, whose conversation was clownish, whose company a gentleman should shun, and whose uncouth manner of speaking and behaving, even the children would laugh at.

“ I was pleased with an observation of a sensible farmer, when conversing sometime since, on the qualifications of schoolmasters. It was his opinion, that though a common man might be found capable of teaching children to spell, read, write and cypher, with exactness; yet a *gentleman*, as he expressed himself, was greatly to be preferred; because of the influence and skill he would have in

establishing decency and order in school, in forming the manners of the youth, and in preventing or curing any awkwardness in their way of speaking or behaving.—An observation worthy of the consideration of those whose business it is to provide schoolmasters, or to employ them.

“Perhaps it may be thought, that I wish none to be employed in this important business, but such as have had a college education: *Far from it.*—Let those who are employed be well qualified, *to instruct children and youth in the several branches of learning suited to their several ages, and respective schools, and be persons of agreeable manners, unblemished morals and serious minds; so as, by their conversation and behaviour, to recommend the practice of civility and virtue, and it matters not where they received their education.* As a friend to my country, to the rising generation, to good morals and religion, I sincerely wish for a reformation in our schools, and for a greater attention to the minds and manners of youth, who can scarcely be considered in a point of too great importance.”

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NOTE 16.—THOSE “children and youth;” who are represented by the Doctor in this ex-

clamatory figure, as being "*Far—very far below them in the Vale,*" might, we think, be divided into the following classes.

*First*, they who live in savage countries, where the refinements of the learning and religion of Christendom, have never succeeded. —*Second*, they who live where a knowledge of the arts and sciences is taught, and the Gospel is preached; but who, nevertheless, remain ignorant of such blessings, through sloth and poverty. *Third*, they whose parents, or guardians, have funds sufficient to educate them; but still are wrapt up in selfishness, and led by a tyrannical and parsimonious disposition. *Fourth*, they whose domestic opportunities are small and insufficient; and whose locomotion is thought too troublesome and dangerous. *Fifth*, they for whose instruction and prosperity, no care nor money has been wanting; but, after all, to whom it might be said, "*How has the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed!*" *Sixth*, they who, by the influence of bad books and bad teachers, have become blinded and corrupted. *Seventh*, they who have been sent to excellent schools, and whose brains are like "*coarse, thin, brown paper!*" *Eighth*, they whose dispositions are such, at home or at school, that they are determined to learn every thing except what is right. —*Ninth*, they who have, by self-cultivated, un-



skilful, wilful, indulgent, or ignorant parents, been forever ruined : for

“ Just as the *twig* is bent, the *tree's* inclin'd.”

Permit us next to remark, that we think those “ *Longing—but vainly longing ones*” referred to, in the latter clause of this beautiful figure, are *First*, they who have only *tasted* the sweets of learning and religion ; the *weight* of whose professions is mere parade and chimera ; and whose hearts and actions are filled and swollen with pride and bigotry—yes, *swallowed up* in affectation, hypocrisy and deceit—*living without charity* ; and hence, are like “ *the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal!*” *Second*, they who have been furnished with plenty of money and opportunities ; but who, instead of improving their abundant means, have, at College, or somewhere else, lived in extravagance, ease and pleasure ; and thereby have sunk themselves into pauperism, bankruptcy, gambling, swindling, counterfeiting, theft, robbery, and the State Prison!! *Third*, they whose present compunction will not atone for their former delay and mismanagement ; *they* who are pursuing lawful and honourable avocations in life, but whose contesting colleagues in useful knowledge are nearly out of sight—whose eyes begin, when it is too late, to be wide open to their *true* interests ;

but who for the sake of their past idleness, duplicity, imbecility and folly, now look back on their lives with *weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth* !!!



NOTE 17.—RENDERED thus : “ We will apply ourselves according to the assistance given us of God : Vain are all our attempts without his gracious aid.”

Or thus : “ We will give all diligence by the help of God, For vain is our labour without his sanction (or help.)”



NOTE 18.—ALTHOUGH in some sentences in this “ History,” or, perhaps more properly, “ *Reproof to heedless youth*,” it may seem that the Doctor intended, at the time it was written, to publish it ; yet we are very sure that this was not the case. His primary object, no doubt, was merely to record a few anecdotes of his life up to the time of penning them, and to express some of his feelings upon literary, moral, and religious subjects, for his own *private* use ; or, if he should die in the army, for the use of his young *friends*. Many important events were positively omitted.—He is now about 30 years of age ; and a “ History” of the last 10, which undoubtedly

ly would be much more interesting to the *aged*, to the *critic*, to the *learned biographer*, and to the *Faculty*, has not yet been prepared for publication. It is certainly evident from these pages of his childhood and youth, that his spirited, emulous and ambitious desire for good instruction and prosperity, is worthy of imitation in the young student ; that he had no small nor contemptible lot of experience, in the years of his juvenility ; and that his wishes and solicitude for the education, prosperity and happiness of all the younger classes of society, were both strong and manly. To the *Youth*, and to the *honest Reader*, then, let this little book be most respectfully dedicated. We wish them an abundance of mental and earthly felicity.—The “Correspondence” will next occupy our attention, to which we shall add a few Notes upon ‘Matrimony.’




NOTE 19.—“THERE are many young women, who in order to *marry well*, appear very mild, very affectionate, and very decent in their persons, houses, &c. (frequently using an air of affectation, and speaking with *faltering voices*.) Some young gentleman wishing to get a companion of this description, offers his hand to one of these “*jackdaws*

dressed in *peacock feathers*”—the nuptials are celebrated, her wishes are answered, the cloak is laid aside; and she soon appears what she is in *reality*. The innocence of the *lamb* is lost in the fierceness of the *lion*; the affection of the *dove*, in the cruelty of the *ostrich*; and the cleanliness of the *sheep*, in the filthiness of the *swine*!” There are many *young* libertines too, or despicable *Dandies*, in our country, who wish every body to think them wondrous handsome and honest; and who are in principle no better than such “*young women*,” and are as far from being *real gentlemen* as Mahomet was from being a Christian!



NOTE 20.—“MEN and women both have their foibles; therefore, they ought to overlook *each other's faults*; that is, put the best construction possible on each other's conduct; and exercise that charity which thinketh no evil. Hence, they should never unnecessarily expose each other, but should support each other's character as far as truth and propriety will admit. St. James saith, “the tongue is full of deadly poison, and sets on fire the course of nature.” Need we wonder, then, if it sets on fire *whole families*, where it is not *curbed*? A small needle may occa-

sion a great deal of pain if stuck in the heart. And 'behold! how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' "



NOTE 21.—WE daily hear and read accounts of "Marriages;" and although our Newspaper minutes are universally understood, still a great diversity of opinion exists respecting the solution of that highly important question,—*What is Marriage?* For the benefit of youth, we will give a short and true definition of it.

Extract from the Rev. Nathan Fiske's "Moral Monitor, vol. I. No. 71. On *Polygamy*."

On the examination of marriage he says : "Marriage is not merely the union of the two sexes, the corporeal junction of the male and female; but an union of mind, of souls, of affections; and in such a refined, such a close and intimate sense and manner, as not to admit of a rival, or copartner. If the heart be divided in this case it will be found faulty. Marriage is such a rational, such a tender, such a delicate union between a man and a woman as implies and requires the undivided affection of the one towards the other, and the exclusive right of the one in the other. Such is human nature, and such the

nature of marriage, that this state admits of the most refined happiness, when the union is rightly formed between one man and one woman; a happiness which polygamy cannot produce nor admit."

Another writer says: "Marriage consists in *agreement of parties*, in *union of heart*, and in a *promise of fidelity* to each other before God; 'forasmuch as he looketh at the heart, and judgeth according to intention,'—1 *Sam.* XVI. 7."

"If one acted the part of an *impostor*, told lies, and deceived the other, this is NOT marriage, but an imposition; of course the person so imposed on is JUSTIFIABLE in REJECTING *such DECEIVER!*

"Marriage is an emblem of that union, which subsists between Christ and his Church, Eph. V. 32. Solomon saith, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord."—Prov. VIII. 22. Again, "a prudent wife is from the Lord."—Prov. XIX. 14. I therefore conclude, that a *happy marriage* is the greatest *blessing* and *consolation* which can be enjoyed on this side of eternity, next to the *love of God* in the *soul*. Of course an unhappy marriage is the greatest *curse* which is endured on this side of *hell*, next to the HORROURS of a GUILTY CONSCIENCE."

NOTE 22.—SOME Divines have represented *pride* in the *heart* like an *onion*; and they do not hesitate to urge that in order to make a man a good Christian, coat after coat must be taken off, until it be stript entirely to pieces! We are apt to think, however, that this would leave the heart quite naked. But if in case the vacancy naturally produced, should fortunately be filled with a very large catalogue of theological virtues; still we think it would not be prudent to extirpate the '*onion*' from the whole of his external deportment. We know that some define pride (as every thing else) in one way; and some in another. Walker says that *pride* is "inordinate self-love;" and that *inordinate* means "irregular, odd." Decorum, then, in his behaviour at church, at home, and at other places, must be admitted. Cleanliness in his person, and decency in his dress, are no crimes. Exactness in his conversation and writings, (we mean *grammatical* exactness,) is no '*sin*' But if he were *entirely* divested of this 'self-esteem,' how much better would he be than a block of marble?—"Self love is the love of self, and every thing for the sake of self." Show us the man who is entirely free from *self-love*, or 'self-esteem,' if you can; and then we will show you one, whose mind cannot be agitated, nor influen-

ced by public report. We would not wish to be understood as advocating *every* sort of pride, either in the males, or in the females. But exclude "*all pride*," as some would have it, from society ; and you might as well sacrifice every *Schoolmaster, Parson, Lawyer* and *law-book*. In short, show us the man, or the woman, Christian, Jew, or Turk ; who is, and ought to be, perfectly clear from every sort of pride, and we will then show you *Elijah in Heaven!*



NOTE 23.—WHAT splendid work *parental authority* is here making ! Did parents *once* admire such treatment *themselves* ? Let *meddlers* in this business of *every class*, read and understand the following extract :

"There is such a thing as for persons to marry for LOVE, and be *unhappy* ! Did I say marry for *love* ? Yes—but not *their own love* ; only the love of their *parents* or friends. For instance, two persons of *suitable age*, character, dispositions, &c. form attachments of the strongest nature, are actuated by pure *motives*, are UNITED in HEART, and enter into the most *solemn engagements* to live together *during life* ; the PARENTS being asked, utterly refuse to give their daughter, without any sufficient *reason* for such *refusal*



In the next place, they strive to break the *marriage contract*, as made by the two young people. Perhaps the man has not *property* enough to *please* them, for WORTH is generally (though improperly) estimated by the quantity of property a person possesses ; instead of his character, his principles, his practices, &c. In order to effect their wishes, every measure they can invent is pushed into operation, (and it is frequently the case that family connexions, and even *strangers interfere*, who have no business so to do ; but *FOOLS will be meddling*) to *change* the woman's *mind*, and make *bad impressions* on the same with respect to the *object* of her *affections* ; they strive by placing their *diabolical* optic to her eye, to make her view every thing in the *worst light* they possibly can ; *promise* great things if she will break it off : (" all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me," said the Devil once ; ) *threaten* to place the BLACK SEAL of *reprobation* upon her, if SHE *fulfils* her *engagements*. Here the *mind* becomes as a " troubled sea, which cannot rest ; " SHE is at a *loss* to know what is *duty*—SHE loves her PARENTS, also the MAN to whom her *heart* has been UNITED—her AFFECTIONS are *placed*, her HONOUR is *pledged*—she spends *restless* nights and *mournful* days to

know how to *decide*!—**CRITICAL** but **IMPORTANT** *period*!!! *HER present*, and perhaps **ETERNAL** peace depends upon the decision! After many struggles with her own conscience, at length through powerful persuasion she yields to the wishes of others—*betrays her trust*, breaks her marriage contract, *deserts her best friend*, and pierces herself through with many sorrows.” See next NOTE.



NOTE 24.—“If the woman be *under age*, she may *perhaps* be *justifiable* on that account; but if she is of age it argues **IMBECILITY**; for she has as much *right* to **ACT** for *herself*, as her *parents* have to act for *themselves*; of course should have a **JUDGEMENT** and **SOUL** of *HER OWN*!! If the *fault* is altogether in *herself*, she proves at once that she is *not* to be confided in: and I would pronounce that *man blessed* who has escaped a woman of so mean a **PRINCIPLE**—for such a thing has scarcely been known among **HEATHENS**.”



NOTE 25.—“Some people believe in a *decree*, (commonly called a lottery) viz. That God has determined in all cases, that parti-

cular men and women should be married to each other; and that it is *impossible* they should marry any other person.—But I say HUSH! for if that be the case, then God appoints all matches: but I believe the *devil* appoints a great many; for if God did it, then it would be done in wisdom, and of course it would be done right; and hence, there would not be so many *unhappy marriages* in the world as what there are.”

Our limits will not allow us to swell these pages much larger, on this highly important and very interesting subject to youth. But for the sake of our young Readers, we will sketch down two more prodigious causes of so many *unhappy matches*.

1st. “Too many marry from LUCRATIVE views; their *object* is not to get a suitable companion who will sweeten all the ills of life, but to get a *large fortune*, so that their time may be spent in idleness and luxury; that they may make a grand appearance in the world; supposing that property will make them honorable. This being the leading motive, they direct their attention to an object, which, if it was not for property, would perhaps be looked upon by them with contempt; and profess the greatest regard for the *person*, while the *property* is the object of

their AFFECTIONS." 2d. "Some people take FANCY for *love*; they behold a person whom they would almost take to be an angel in human shape, (but all is not gold that glitters,) through the medium of the eye become enamoured; and rest not until the object of their *fancy* is won. BEAUTY being but *skin deep*, sickness or age soon makes the *rose* to *wither*; they are then as much disappointed as the miser who *thought* he had ten thousand guineas all in gold, but after counting them over every day for twelve months, the *gilt* wore off, by which means he discovered his gold was only *tarnished copper*!"



NOTE 26.—COMMUNICATED.

WOMAN, charming, lovely creature,  
Gentle, modest, graceful thing;  
Most refined work of nature,  
Fairer than the flow'ry spring!

Queen of ev'ry gentle passion,  
Tender sympathy and love;  
Perfect work of heav'nly fashion,  
MINIATURE of charms above!

Love and grace, in rich profusion,  
Soft'ning man's ferocious soul ;  
All creation's fair CONCLUSION,  
Form'd to *beautify the whole* !

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## ERRATA.

- Page 16. Poetry should stand in " ".  
42. In the first line erase " to."  
50. 2d line from bottom, for  
"you head" read *your head*.  
80. 8th line from top, for "visit-  
ings" read *writings*.

N. B. There are a few other *orthographical, logical, rhetorical, pointing and typographical* mistakes in the work ; but they are thought to be so very trifling, that the *good CRITIC* can understand the *true sense*, without our being under the necessity of producing them in the ERRATA ! The *preparation* of the *Copy* for the *press*, has been attended with *peculiar embarrassments* by the

EDITOR.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

WHERE is the *young pedagogue*, in these United States, who has ever experienced a succession of misfortunes and events more dark and complicated, than the EDITOR of the preceding, little *volume*? Whose *juvility* has been fraught with more strange incidents? Whose *Life* could furnish a more instructive picture? Whose *Travels* can exhibit a greater variety?——Although his *sky* has oft been clear, the *winds* calm, and the *waters* smooth; yet whose VOYAGES, among those sons of science, have been more *tempestuous*? and which of them has sustained with better *fortitude* the toils, vicissitudes and dangers of the OCEAN?——The affirmative responses to these interrogatories, remain yet to be disclosed! Surely, indeed! this *young* EDITOR has not yet become very *celebrated*, in the literary circle, as a *writer*; but he hopes, by industrious '*application*,' and by more mature '*experience*,' to reach, at some future day, the grand summit of *eminence* and *renown*. He never petitioned Congress for any *office*, civil nor military; nor for any *patents*; and wishes not to receive, from any individual, or from community, *one farthing more* than the MEED of MERIT: But he contemplates publishing, agreeable to his late PROSPECTUS, and as soon

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To RICHER PRIZES turn their course,*



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COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNAL,  
BY HIMSELF.

*" True ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in."*

*" 'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat, to peep at this great world!"*

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*" What so sweet,  
So beautiful on earth, and ah! so rare!  
As kindred love, and family repose!"*

July 4, 1822.

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G. P. HULL—PRINTED

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## REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

**taken from the Building**

[illegible]



